Monthly Literary Section

WITH THIS ISSUE

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ON THE COVER

Emperor Hirohito

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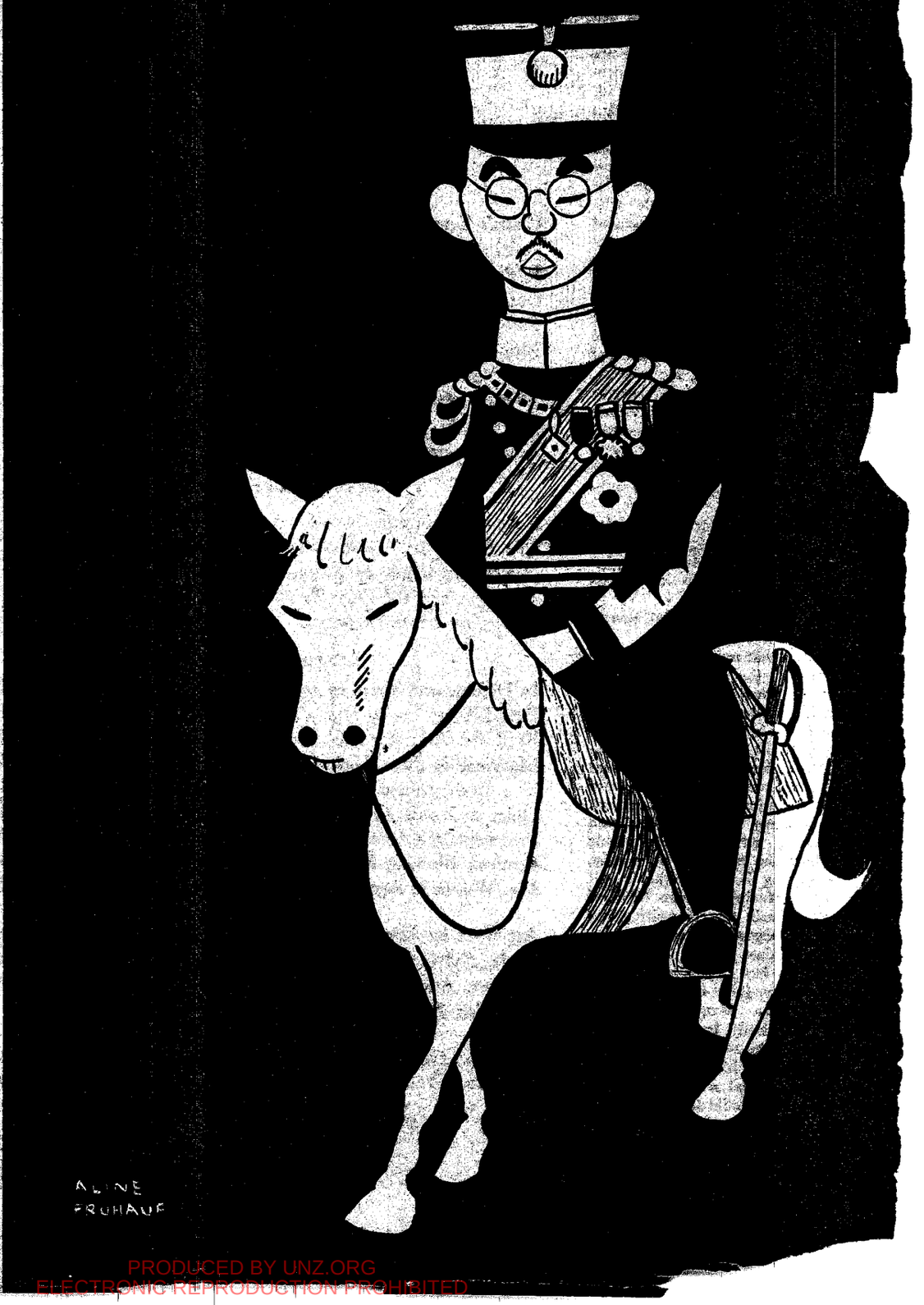
JULY 12, 1938

IN TWO SECTIONS; THIS IS SECTION 1

FIFTEEN CENTS

New MASSES



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HARLAN ON PARADE, by Mary MacFarland, will appear next week. Miss MacFarland has been studying conditions in the Kentucky mine area where the first major criminal prosecution of employers under the National Labor Relations Act is now in progress. In this article she presents the results of visits to mines and miners' homes, talks with mine bosses and storekeepers, hotel clerks and others—a complete background. A later article will deal with the trial itself.

A. B. Magil's concluding article in his series will discuss the forces that have changed the New Deal and the perspective for the future.

Also in a forthcoming issue we will publish an important interview which Marguerite Young has just obtained with Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior.

Last week we dropped the first inkling of a new campaign for ten thousand new readers. Plans are proceeding, we can report, but we're not quite ready for the splash announcement. We can tell you though that it is shaping up into a campaign we'll all be proud of.

Meanwhile, we'd like to hear from our readers who have ideas as to how to present NEW MASSES to the middle-class and professional people who should be reading the magazine and aren't. What can we do (always remembering that we cannot spend any substantial sums of money) to reach the people in your town, the people you work with? What feature of the magazine do you feel should be stressed most to people who are not familiar with it? What, for instance, convinced you that you should become a subscriber? What methods do you feel would be most effective—small meetings, large meetings, letters, personal contact? What can we do to help you win your friends as subscribers?

We have tremendous respect for the interest and help of our readers in previous campaigns, and we shall give careful consideration to all suggestions received.

Ann Barton, Rm. 1301, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City, writes:

"I believe that many people will be interested in the fact that Mother Ella Reeve Bloor has started to write a book about her life. The story of this remarkable woman, labor leader and Communist, should add considerably to the fund of knowledge that exists in connection with the history of the American labor movement. Through many years she has seen such history written in the events about her; she has lived it. Today, while writing her book, she is still living it, refusing to take time off from her work. She is writing her book while engaged in speaking, organizing against fascism and for democracy. She has written many letters to friends throughout the country during the years. Many such letters should be included in the book itself, many would be useful for reference purposes. If NEW MASSES readers have letters, or material written about her, or by her, they could help by returning such letters, or lending them to her. We would appreciate receiving such material as soon as possible, at the above address."

Between Ourselves

The Book Union selection for July is *The Peril of Fascism: The Crisis of American Democracy*, by A. B. Magil and Henry Stevens, the first comprehensive study of fascist tendencies in the United States. The Book Union also announces that it has made special arrangements whereby members can purchase *The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt* for $10 instead of the regular price of $15.

George Waggoner, of Rochester, N. Y., writes:

"You were right about the format. I found it unpleasant at first sight, but I now feel that it's a very considerable improvement. The short column and half-column articles are fine; they give us out-of-the-way news and important quotes from speeches and journals we seldom get around to reading. And I'll be very unhappy if you ever go back to pictureless covers. The four you've run so far have been excellent, and for the last two weeks they've been superb. I could see Heywood Broun a half-block away from my newsstand, and Hugo Gellert's Hague—well, what can one say? You don't need to burlesque that guy; I can start laughing at a newspaper picture of him, but I roared at Gellert's truer-than-life sketch."

THIS WEEK

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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Who's Who

GENERAL VICTOR A. YAKHONTOFF is the author of *The Chinese Soviets* . . . Metz T. P. Lochard is foreign editor of the Chicago *Defender* . . . Alson J. Smith is pastor of the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church in Waterbury, Conn. A member of the Religion and Labor Foundation, he has previously written for the *Christian Century, Zion's Herald,* and *Economic Justice* . . . George Robbins is affiliated with the Chicago branch of the National Research League . . . Marcel F. Grilli has contributed to the *New Republic* and *Science & Society,* and has recently completed a book on contemporary Italy.

Harry Kapustin is the author of a book of short stories, *Crowd Your Luck on Death* . . . Jo Sinclair's first published story appeared in NEW MASSES in September 1936. She has since published in *Esquire, Coronet,* and *Ken* . . . Len Zinberg has published before in *Esquire, Coronet, Story, Champion, For Men Only, American Mercury,* and others . . . Norman Rosten has just received notification that a verse drama of his has been accepted by the National Broadcasting Co., to be produced over a coast-to-coast hookup this autumn . . . Hamlen Hunt lives in Boston and has contributed to *Story, Collier's,* and other publications.

Sylvia Wald carried off both painting and sculpture honors in the American Artists Congress annual competition for one-man show, with her *Military Objectives,* (reproduced on page 6) and her painting, *Gardening,* (NEW MASSES, April 6).

Flashbacks

MEMO for the unemployed who are struggling for relief in Cleveland: July 8, 1932 a hunger march of twelve thousand workers in Minneapolis forced the City Council to abolish "volunteer," i.e., "forced" labor requirements made of those on relief; *July 11, 1932 Unemployed Council* demonstration in St. Louis was attacked by police and four workers were wounded—one fatally. In spite of such official resistance, $200,000 in relief was granted after the demonstration. . . . In Berlin, July 8, 1932, Ernst Thaelmann met twenty Social Democrats in the home of Karl Liebknecht for the purpose of forming an anti-fascist united front. The Social Democrats declined to work jointly with the Communists. . . . On July 13, West Coast longshoremen celebrate the second anniversary of the election of Harry Bridges as president of the Pacific District of the International Longshoremen's Association. . . . Mother Bloor was born July 8, 1862. . . . For nearly five centuries the name of Jack Cade has been a symbol of revolt because he led the struggle of twenty thousand armed "Commoners of Kent" who sought to have their complaints acted on by the Royal Council. On July 12, 1450, after having died of wounds, Cade was decapitated by his royal enemies who placed his head in public view on London bridge.

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CHINA'S YEAR OF WAR

An Analysis of Japan's "Victories" to Date and the Ability of China to Resist

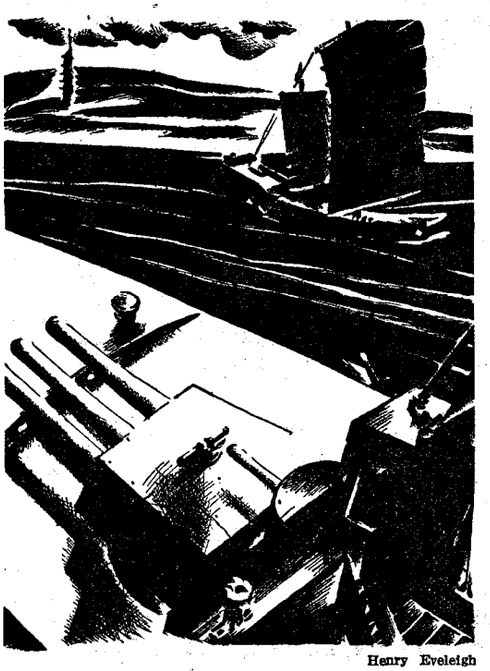
VICTOR A. YAKHONTOFF

As THE undeclared war in China enters its second year, the main factor remains the determination of the Chinese people to fight to the bitter end. Japan's advances in the first few months of the war were unavoidable; the invader was not only incomparably better armed but in addition possessed the advantage of holding the initiative. Since then, the Chinese have scored several victories, the most impressive of which was the battle of Taierhchwang where the Japanese suffered their first major defeat in modern times. China has tasted the sweets of victory and is more certain than ever of eventual victory. Japan, on the other hand, encounters new difficulties with every additional mile of Chinese soil.

The Japanese did not expect China's stubborn defense of Shanghai. Their losses in that action were very high and necessitated a continuous stream of reenforcements. After holding out for three months, the Chinese evacuated their most important port; from all appearances, they carried out this retreat in good order. Nanking was also bitterly contested, though not for military reasons. The generals charged with the defense of Nanking did not demonstrate any particular tactical ingenuity, but the Japanese occupation, heralded abroad and elaborately celebrated at home by the invaders, was most damaging to Japan's prestige. The grandsons of the samurai staged such an orgy of pillage, rape, and terror that the entire world was revolted. There followed a shakeup in the Japanese army and the recall of a number of high-ranking officers.

The capture of Nanking signalized a new stage in the war. The Japanese next sought to effect a junction of their forces advancing from Nanking to the north with those marching southward from the Peking-Tientsin area. This operation necessitated crossing the Grand Canal and the Yellow River as well as cracking the strong fortifications around Suchow which protected the Lung-Hai railway. As the only latitudinal road connecting the coast with the interior, this railway is known as the "lifeline of China," a sensational but doubtful description.

The Japanese were probably overconfident after their easy success at Nanking. They utterly miscalculated the ability of the Chinese to reform their ranks and to offer stiff resistance so soon after the fall of Shanghai and Nanking. As a matter of fact, the Chinese succeeded not only in reorganizing the troops that had been fighting in the Yangtze Valley since August, but in mustering new forces as well. Great numbers of fresh provincial troops poured in; these proved to be better than many of the so-called experts had expected. And their leaders, like Li Tsung-jen and Pai Chung-hsi, demonstrated great ability in the strategy and tactics of warfare. The Chinese command carried on a war of maneuver by highly mobile units of the Nanking government army and of the provincial troops. This was greatly assisted by the guerrilla warfare organized on a large scale, chiefly by the lieutenants of the famous Chu Teh, commander of the Communist Eighth Route Army. These auxiliary operations contributed much by disorganizing the Japanese rear and cutting off supplies. In many instances, the roving guerrilla troops acted not merely as auxiliaries, but proved most formidable adversaries for the invaders.



Henry Eveleigh

Though there are not sufficient data to measure the fighting strength of China in terms of regular units and auxiliary organizations, or to calculate the flow of military and other supplies for these troops, there is one point on which it is possible to speak with certainty: the role in the present struggle of the nation at large. The Chinese people recognize the seriousness of the Japanese menace to the independence of their country, and they have united as never before. One most important phase of this awakening has been the arming of the population. Today the situation for China is much more favorable than immediately after the fall of Nanking. But even then Chiang Kai-shek declared in a broadcast on December 16 from Hankow:

> No matter how the present situation may change, we must not surrender but march onward. To capitulate is to court sure national disaster. No matter how the international situation turns, we should do our utmost and should not be too ready to register disappointment. We must not entertain any inclination to depend on others. . . . Appraising the probable outcome of the hostilities, we are convinced that the present situation is favorable to China. The basis of China's future success in prolonged resistance is not to be found in Nanking, nor in big cities, but in villages all over China and in the resolute determination of the people. The time must come when Japan's military strength will be **completely exhausted, thus giving us ultimate victory.**

Decisive for the outcome of the war is the fact that, economically, China can stand a protracted war better than Japan. Winning battles is not the same as winning the war, and, paradoxically, the more territory Japan occupies, the weaker it becomes. Thus far the Japanese have been unable to control, economically or politically, most of the land they have occupied. All they have been able to do is maintain a precarious hold on strips of territory along the railways and highways which are subject to constant attack from roaming Chinese guerrillas. Nor has Japan been able to profit economically from her costly adventure. She has not even restored her pre-war position in the Chinese market and has been unable to exploit to any appreciable degree the

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natural resources in the provinces which are nominally occupied by the Japanese military forces.

At the same time, the domestic situation in Japan is becoming increasingly critical, even if we depend on the official reports and ignore the contentions of the opposition. That there is an opposition, and a growing one, not even the ironclad Japanese censorship can hide. The economic situation in Japan was already serious at the time of the outbreak of the war; since then, the difficulties have greatly increased. Already heavily in debt, with her gold reserve dangerously low ($400,000,000 at the beginning of hostilities), with her foreign trade steadily in the red (to the extent of 700,000,000 yen in 1936), and with a budget deficit of one billion yen annually, Japan was compelled to spend additional huge sums in the purchase of basic war materials abroad, particularly in the United States. Though a victorious Japan would directly threaten the United States, there are reactionary circles in this and other democratic countries that are only too willing to assist Japan in her present adventure. Despite this aid, it is evident that the reserves accumulated by Japan are not sufficient for a protracted war. The Japanese militarist-fascist leaders calculated on a quick decisive victory. A new China has, however, sprung into being, a China united by the determination to drive out the invader and win its independence. This is the rock that is threatening to shipwreck all the Japanese plans of conquest.

Fortunately in this case, in contrast to Spain, the aggressors do not have a monopoly on outside aid. China's difficulty is that most of her coast is blockaded by Japan, and goods coming through Indo-China or Hongkong have to travel over land where there is little railway communication and under the constant menace of Japanese air raids. A new route from Burma to Yunnan is now under construction, similar to the highway across Chinese Turkestan or Sinkiang, the only channel for supplies coming from or through the Soviet Union. Thus, though the democracies have not embargoed China as they have Spain, geographic conditions are making delivery of materials an extremely difficult task,

Ad Reinhardt

A Contemporary Print Describing the 1938 Campaign of the Japanese Army in China

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and such deliveries are neither adequate nor assured.

It is still too early to attempt any detailed forecasts. Such forecasts are particularly dangerous in regard to military matters in which there are usually too many unknown factors involved and insufficient information available. But in summarizing the events of more than eleven months of this undeclared war, one may venture the following conclusions:

1. Japan has badly miscalculated in drawing her plans. She underestimated the fighting character of China; she did not believe in her unity; she did not understand the strength and the policy of the Chinese Communists, whose military forces have been incorporated in the Chinese National Army and have become one of the most important factors in the struggle for the liberation of China.

2. Because of these miscalculations, the original Japanese program ended in failure. The Japanese expected to crush the Chinese by a lightning blow and end the "incident" by Christmas 1937. Instead, they were held at Shanghai for almost three months, being compelled to use large numbers of troops for that secondary operation, and by Christmas found themselves engaged in a prolonged war, with numerous new problems to be solved and no victory in sight.

3. Willy-nilly, the Japanese high command scattered its forces over an extremely large area, thereby making the task of protecting the rear exceedingly difficult.

4. These difficulties have been further aggravated by the harassing activities of the Chinese guerrilla forces. Not only have the Japanese been compelled to keep considerable contingents in the rear to fight off the roving bands, but the very occupation of new territory has become largely illusory. Most of these areas have remained out of their control and the Japanese troops have been forced to keep close to their lines of communications, unable to extend their domination because of the constant threat of attack.

5. On the other hand, the Chinese strategy of combining a war of maneuver by means of highly mobile regular troops with guerrilla warfare, the latter sometimes developing into operations of major importance (for instance, the complete cutting off of supplies for a long time and for a considerable number of troops) has proved to be very effective.

6. The incorporation of the Red Armies under the name of the Eighth Route Army has added very materially to the strength of the National Army, not only in numbers, but in fighting capacity. The troops under Communist leadership are highly experienced, well disciplined, inspired by high ideals, and are commanded by such men as Chu Teh, whose military talents are beyond question.

7. The prolonged Chinese resistance has transformed the war of lightning conquest into a war of attrition, the most dangerous form of war for Japan because of her shaky economic structure. Nor can the international situation be considered favorable for Japan, with her two allies, Germany and Italy, having their own difficulties in Spain and Central Europe.

8. What the Chinese people have accomplished so far has undoubtedly contributed greatly toward raising their prestige in the eyes of the rest of the world. It has shattered the myth of the invincibility of the Japanese army and has given new faith and strength not only to the Chinese themselves, but to the democratic forces throughout the world.

Barring greatly increased economic or military assistance to the invaders from abroad, China, as long as she remains united and determined to resist, can in the long run defeat Japan.

HAITI AND SANTO DOMINGO

Plague Spots of the Caribbean

METZ T. P. LOCHARD

It took a massacre of twelve thousand Haitians in Santo Domingo last October to focus attention on the administrations of both Stenio Vincent in Haiti and Rafael Leonidas Trujillo of Santo Domingo.

By coincidence, both were elected to the presidency of their respective countries in 1930. Vincent won the election in the Haitian National Assembly by the slim margin of eleven votes over his closest opponent, Seymour Pradel. Since then most of the defeated candidates, including Pradel, and some of the most prominent figures in Haitian political and literary circles, have been jailed. Even some of Vincent's supporters who later disagreed with him had to flee from the country. Haiti's best known poet, Jacques Roumain, lives in exile in France; before that, he was twice imprisoned by Vincent for his Communist views. Lately the dean of the Law School, Victor Cauvin, and the president of the Tasei Workers Union, Louis Mevs, were arrested because they dared to criticize the administration's pronounced fascist tendencies. Few of Vincent's enemies have ever come out alive.

Trujillo, his opposite number in Santo Domingo, smashed his way into the presidency by treachery and murder. All his opponents, too, died suddenly or vanished. Virgilio Reyna, a prominent figure in Dominican politics who had bitterly opposed Trujillo's candidacy, was slain by two gunmen who walked into his home where he lay ill with appendicitis. They shot him in the stomach and killed his wife while she pleaded with them on bended knees to spare her husband's life. A Cabinet Minister, a general, and two newspapermen were shot to death on the main street of Santiago by assassins who are still in the service of President Trujillo.

Both these men have had similar political careers. Both have suppressed political parties and organizations opposed to their oppressive policies. Both have gagged the press, intimidated critics, jailed or murdered opposition leaders.

It was this similarity in aims and methods which prompted Vincent to exhibit a shocking indifference to the fate of his people on Dominican soil. When the official report of the butchery of twelve thousand Haitians by Dominican soldiers was transmitted to Vincent early last October, he immediately summoned newspaper editors and forbade them, under threats of jail and suspension of their publications, to publish anything but official releases about the massacre. Even now, seven months after the incident, the Haitian press is still silent about the main facts in the case.

Vincent made no move, no official representation to the Dominican republic until the resentment of his own people had almost reached the point of revolt. Finally, Msgr. Maurillo Silvani, Apostolic Nuncio for the whole island, pleaded with him and he consented to arbitration.

While the outside world sympathized with the poor Haitian laborers and bitterly criticized the Dominican government, the Haitian minister at Santo Domingo, under instructions from his government, released this astonishing statement: ". . . The Haitian people cannot consider the Dominican nation as responsible for the mass assassination. Neither can they consider the Dominican government as guilty of the act, because it has protested with vehemence against this atrocity." This statement appeared on November 24, in *le Matin,* the official organ of the Haitian government, published in Port-Au-Prince, the capital of Haiti. Meanwhile the Dominican minister at Washington declared that news about the affair was grossly exaggerated and that it was "a mere border incident of usual occurrence, in which the cordial relations of the two neighboring states were not affected."

In a letter to the American Friends of Haiti, an organization which sought to raise relief for the victims of the massacre, Charles Vincent, Haitian consul in New York and brother of the President, warned against the collection of money for his fellow-countrymen. These and many similar instances proved that the governments of Haiti and Santo Domingo had entered into a secret pact to soft-pedal the whole affair.

Prior to the American occupation in 1916, revolution was the only means through which a successful leader ascended the presidential chair in either country. The conspicuous absence of a system of universal suffrage whereby the masses could register peacefully their choice of a chief executive left the people of the two countries with a single alternative: uprising. The recurrent revolts were, in point of fact, internecine wars in which the masses fought, not for an ideal but for a presidential aspirant who had no constructive program, who promised nothing and did nothing in the way of social legislative reform after his induction in office. Thus Presidents came and went by stepping upon the dead bodies of natives who fought for or against them.

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The American occupation changed all that. The marines helped in the Americanization of many of the island's governmental agencies, and saw to it that those left in charge were thoroughly indoctrinated. They instituted certain administrative reforms and guided the civil and municipal authorities in their respective functions. But they did little for the masses, and corrected none of the chronic ills with which they were afflicted. While they accomplished some good, they did much harm. They showed unscrupulous native leaders how effectively organized force could be used against unorganized opposition. They put men in office at the point of bayonets and kept them there by training machine guns on the civilian population. They dissolved the so-called national assembly and suspended whatever semblance of constitutional guarantees there was, in order that a puppet might carry out their injunctions in complicity with Wall Street and the Chase National Bank.

President Vincent came to the United States in 1934 presumably to plead for the evacuation of the United States Marines, and at the same time to negotiate a loan. Instead, according to unimpeachable sources, he argued in favor of keeping the marines longer in Haiti. He told President Roosevelt that the Haitian National Guard, by the very logic of events, afforded no security for the exercise of orderly processes and peace on the island, because it was indisputably too weak for the task it had suddenly been called upon to perform. In reality what Vincent wanted was a further extension of the American occupation in order to ensure his rule against possible revolt by the Haitians, who were resenting his internal and foreign policies.

Mr. Roosevelt, who had just enunciated his good-neighbor policy, told Vincent that, ready or not, by the end of December 1934, the marines would be withdrawn. And the marines were withdrawn. Since his pleas for the retention of the marines and a loan of $40,000,000 were rejected by the American government, Vincent tried to get money elsewhere. He needed more guns and men around the presidential palace, for his personal security and for an extension of his rule. To this end the Haitian minister in Paris, M. Mayard, negotiated with a representative of a group of national bankers, Jean Baptiste Debarchi, for a loan of $35,000,000. But the United States' objections to the transaction brought the negotiations to an abrupt end.

In December 1937, two months after the news of the shocking slaughter of Haitian nationals reached the outside world, Vincent sent this cablegram to Washington: "If we should be invaded by Santo Domingo, we should not be able to resist more than three hours." He knew that Trujillo contemplated no such invasion. This was, therefore, a hint that the United States avail itself of the opportunity to send the marines back to Haiti. Had not President Roosevelt differed from his predecessors, the trick might have worked.

Vincent's appeal to the United States, Cuba, and Mexico for a pacific solution of the controversy was a theatrical stunt intended to silence his critics at home and abroad. There was no controversy over the butchery, nor were there troop movements on the Haitian frontier. Diplomatic relations were not broken off, and throughout the whole incident, Trujillo and Vincent carried on a friendly correspondence. Two days after this statement was made, November 12, Vincent cabled the Presidents of the United States, Cuba, and Mexico, asking them to intervene. In the face of the assurances given by the Dominican government, especially since nothing had happened to vitiate those guarantees, it is clear that there were no grounds in international law or common logic for the Haitian government's request.

When, on January 1, the Haitian government accepted the award of $750,000 as indemnity for the massacre of twelve thousand of its nationals, it merely approved a settlement which had been guaranteed by the Dominican government fully six weeks before the permanent commission at Washington entered into the picture. The amount of the settlement alone is incontrovertible evidence of the contempt in which the Haitian masses are held by their own chief executive. If the $750,000 is to be doled out to refugees and to families of the massacred twelve thousand, a Haitian's life is worth only $62.50. Three million dollars would not have been an excessive sum for the rich republic of Santo Domingo to pay. Trujillo himself could have paid it out of his own personal fund, which is estimated to be more than $10,000,000, part of which is deposited in the Chase National Bank of New York.

The October incident was symptomatic of depressing internal economic inequalities, accentuated by a gross denial of political rights and unavailability of public education, which have reduced both the Haitian and the Dominican masses to a state of abject destitution.

Haitians and Dominicans alike are straining under the yoke of serfdom, oppression, and exploitation. Were these peoples awakened to struggle and solidarity they would wipe out in one sweep the social ills which have plagued them ever since Columbus discovered the island in 1492. The island needs to remember the example of L'Ouverture and Dessalines, who died so heroically for its independence.

Sculpture by Sylvia Wald

Military Objectives

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CORN BELT LIBERTY LEAGUE

Reaction Makes a Play for Farm Support

GEORGE ROBBINS

Folks in the corn-belt area are still discussing the hubbub that the newspapers and the Corn Belt Liberty League have raised over the new AAA. The commotion began a month ago in the Republican stronghold of McDonough County, Ill., immediately after the farmers got their acreage-allotment schedules. Tilden J. Burg of Sciota, who owns 160 acres and rents and operates 720 acres of land, expressed dissatisfaction with his allotment. "This crop control is taking us toward dictatorship," he told some of his wealthy neighbors. Thereupon, handbills were distributed and an advertisement inserted in the Macomb *Daily Journal* calling upon all farmers who believed in independence to gather at the McDonough County Courthouse and protest against the 1938 corn allotments.

The courthouse meeting, attended by twelve hundred farmers, was addressed by the most reactionary Republicans in the region, among them W. J. Sticklen, retired landlord and a correspondent for the Chicago *Daily Drovers Journal;* P. D. Williams, wealthy farm-operator and the owner of several grain elevators; Ralph McNulty, farm manager from Springfield; Clifford Carty, operator of a large farm in Hancock County; Robert Trego, editor of the Blandinsville *Star-Gazette;* and James Dertinger, editor of the Bushnell *Record,* who declared, "God Almighty is the only one who can control our crops." The meeting proceeded to approve the Corn Belt Liberty League as the name of the anti-crop-control organization, selected Burg as its chairman, and passed a resolution condemning the farm program as a compulsory law.

The new AAA, approved by Congress last February, is aimed primarily at creating a proper balance in farming and conserving the soil through the introduction of soil-building crops, such as legumes, grasses, and trees. Crop allotments in the corn-belt states are necessary to conserve the soil. Farmers have concentrated on corn acreage with the result that the soil is being rapidly depleted of its vital elements and subjected to severe erosion. Thirty-two percent of the farm land in McDonough County, origin of the Liberty League revolt, is depleted.

To establish an ever-normal granary, the AAA has fixed the maximum corn acreage in the twelve corn-belt states at 97,000,000 acres. The yield from this acreage together with the carry-over from previous years will provide a supply 10 percent greater than domestic consumption and export requirements. Contrary to the propaganda of the Liberty League, there is no compulsion in the new Farm Act; compulsory marketing quotas will be used only when large corn supplies have been created by August 1, and only after a referendum approval by two-thirds of the farmers.

The new AAA, though a progressive measure, has at least three serious deficiencies: (1) the small farmer is not assured of an adequate yearly income, is left unprotected against sharp price-falls, and is unnecessarily burdened by crop reduction; (2) the huge profiteering of monopolies remains uncurbed; and (3) the benefits of the act cover only five crops and less than half of the nation's farmers.

The National Farmers Union has recommended a more drastic program to remedy the plight of the farmer. Though in sympathy with the soil conservation and ever-normal granary plan of the new AAA, the Farmers Union points out that a basic price on farm commodities would protect the farmer against falling prices, and so aid in scaling down and refinancing mortgages, as well as curbing the spread of farm tenancy.

The economic condition of the American farmer steadily declines. While he constitutes more than 21 percent of the nation's population, the farmer's share of the national income in 1936 amounted only to 10.3 percent. He has sunk further into debt, and mortgage indebtedness has been reduced only through foreclosures. According to Farm Research, Inc., in 1890 farmers owned 59 percent of the total value of all farm land, but their holdings dropped to 54 percent in 1900, to 50 percent in 1910, to 46 percent in 1920, and to 42 percent in 1930. The trusts reap their huge billion-dollar profits by paying low prices to the farmers and charging high prices to city workers. The grain speculator, the meat packer, the banker, and the railroad magnate have all had a hand in throttling the farmer until he has come to think like Fred Sutton, a farmer in Fulton County, Ill., who said to the writer, "I've always looked at the farmer as being a spoke in the wheel of industry, but it's beginnin' to look to me that the fellow who farms the farmer is better off than the farmer who farms the ground."

Big business and the reactionary newspapers were quick to capitalize on the discontent in the corn belt. A week after the meeting at the courthouse, the Liberty League obtained use of the Macomb armory for a mass demonstration against the Roosevelt "dictatorship." Macomb's Mayor Graves assured the League that his town was greatly concerned over the new Farm Act and was prepared to cooperate in making the campaign against it a success. The Macomb school band rallied the townspeople to the armory, and the Good Hope male quintet provided the farmers with entertainment as they sat on long wooden benches under the low ceiling. The event brought the largest number of newspaper reporters that the quiet little town had ever seen. Correspondents from the *Wall Street Journal,* the New York *Herald Tribune,* the Associated Press, the United Press, the Chicago *Tribune,* the Chicago *Daily News,* the Chicago *Herald-Examiner,* and a number of representatives from small-town papers crowded the press table. Five photographers scurried about the speaker's platform, snapping pictures. A Chicago *Tribune* photographer, more ingenious than the others, instructed a section of the audience, before the meeting had started, to raise their hands. The following day the *Tribune* carried the photograph, which they explained was a vote of acclamation against government crop-control. No vote by hand had been taken at the meeting.

A Macomb Methodist minister, the Rev. Henry H. Bloomer, who owns two farms in McDonough County, struck the keynote of the Liberty League program for the farmers when he told the audience: "I don't believe in subsidies to farmers. I don't believe farmers need to be paid anything. They will do all right if they are just left alone." Nor did the farmers get a clearer understanding of the road to economic independence after listening to John E. Waters of Madison, Wis., advertised as the main speaker and as a farm-power consultant in the Soviet Union between 1929 and 1933. For forty-five minutes Waters unloosed a scurrilous attack against the Soviets, relating all the Hearst stories of regimentation, starvation, purges, and class hatred.

The Liberty League has already established branches in the majority of corn-belt states. It is gaining new recruits, even among dirt farmers, because the county farm-bureaus have been slow in publicizing the benefits of the crop-control legislation. The League, coddled by the reactionary press and the economic royalists—such as the "America, Wake Up" crusade, which recently at Chicago's swanky Union League Club heard a gladdening report of the "revolt"—is bent on splitting any attempt at unity between labor and the farmer. Much needs to be done in the corn belt to keep the farmer from swinging to reaction. Art Helleman, tall, lanky farmer of Pekin, Ill., pushed back the hat on his head, and said, "We know what's the cause of our troubles. This Liberty League outfit hasn't got a thing to offer us, and the boys will drop out just as soon as they see it. What we'd like to do is cooperate with the city workers, but we just don't know how."

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IS PACIFISM POSSIBLE?

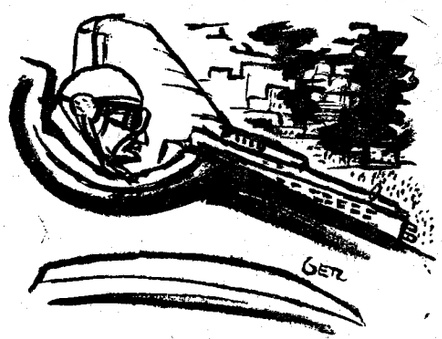
The Protestant Churches Confront Fascism

ALSON J. SMITH

No issue since the World War has divided the peace forces within the Protestant churches more than the Sino-Japanese conflict and the proposal to boycott Japan. The United Christian Council for Democracy, the Methodist Federation for Social Service, and other left-wing groups have stood firmly for the boycott as an expression of moral indignation and a real obstacle to Japanese military progress. The Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Methodist World Peace Commission, and other absolutist groups in American Protestantism have opposed the boycott on the grounds that it is both ineffective and un-Christian, and that the world's democracies have no right to express moral indignation against Japan in view of their own unsavory past. The viewpoint of this latter group is that the "have-not" nations, abhorrent as their present conduct may be, are as much sinned against as sinning, and that they are to be "appeased" by giving them some of the things they are crying for—colonies for their surplus populations, access to raw materials, etc. Apparently, this latter view is now shared by the idealists in the British Cabinet, who are trying their tory best to give Spain to Italy and Czechoslovakia to Germany without getting so much as a devaluated franc in return.

This breast-beating and public repentance may be good for the soul, but it is oil on the fires of predatory fascism.

The mind, no matter how well-intentioned, which thinks that fascism will be satisfied with colonies, raw materials, and natural resources is totally unrealistic. Unrealistic, that is, in the actual, or non-British sense of the word. What do the fascist countries really want? Colonies, for raw materials and trade, shouts Hitler! Colonies, for surplus population and agriculture, orate Mussolini and Hirota! And they do want colonies, but not for raw materials, trade, surplus population, and agriculture primarily. They want colonies for one basic reason—power!



Arthur Getz

Take Austria. Austria is economically unimportant. Austria has the same economic deficiencies that Germany has. But Hitler takes Austria because by doing so he shakes the chancelleries of the world with another demonstration of German power, and he slakes this mystical thirst for recognized potency that is the basis of *Mein Kampf*.

Absurd? Certainly not. Listen to Emil Ludwig, who is better qualified to interpret the Nazi mind than the young men of the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

"For the Germans do not want raw materials or colonies or Russian cornfields. They want something much more ideal. They do not want war in order to sink their own oil wells or to plant their own cotton. They want *victory*. . . . Nothing will satisfy the Germans today if it has been achieved by negotiation and not by conquest. . . . If the Germans want victory, that victory is to be won only in Paris." ("The German Soul—the Sword," *Atlantic Monthly*, February 1938.) The French, of course, know this, which is why they cling to their Russian alliance instead of going all the way along with the British policy of selling the rest of the world into slavery if only perfidious Albion herself is left in temporary peace.

It is customary these days for pacifists who oppose any sort of collective action against fascism, either military or economic, to point to the Versailles treaty as the source of just German grievance. That is true, but look at Brest-Litovsk and the peace Germany imposed on Rumania! Versailles was certainly unjust, but the issue is deeper than Versailles, involving as it does several totalitarian countries who gained rather than lost around the conference table.

If the rest of the world does not realize that fascism wants power achieved through conquest above all else, it certainly is not the fault of fascism. Hitler proclaims theories of racial superiority whose inevitable corollary is European domination; Mussolini glorifies an ancient empire built on blood and conquest and calls upon her sons to recreate that empire on the shores of *mare nostrum;* Japan, new at the game but learning fast, speaks of a divine mission in the Orient, and a chosen people. The world stands amazed and unbelieving as fascism marches on toward goals it has proclaimed from the housetops.

Only extremely naive people today can really believe that the "have-not" nations will be content with colonies, for the dictators know as well as anyone else that colonies will not solve their internal problems. By 1914 less than twenty thousand Germans had settled in German colonies, although Germany had possessed most of them for twenty years. In 1931 the number of Italians in New York City was twice as great as that of all European nationalities in all the Italian colonies. While the Japanese population increases at the rate of a million a year, not more than 500,000 have migrated to Korea and Manchuria in the period of a generation. (Foreign Policy Association: *Peaceful Change,* page 14.)

The dictators know, too, that colonies are not an important source of raw materials. Apart from rubber and one or two other commodities, most of the vital raw materials are found elsewhere—the United States, Russia, or the South American countries. So far not even the most ardent pacifist has openly advocated giving Texas or California to the totalitarian countries. Moreover, under the capitalist system of private ownership of raw materials and resources, the "have-not" countries are just as free to buy as the "have" countries, for capitalism is notoriously short on patriotism. British oil men furnish Italy with the oil that enables her submarines to sink British shipping in the Mediterranean and American manufacturers furnish Japan with the scrap iron to shoot at American sailors on the *Panay*.

It is this tragic failure to comprehend the fascist mind and the fascist *Weltanschauung* that is at the bottom of the confused thinking of so many church peace-groups at the present time. They simply cannot believe that if some of their "just" demands are met and some of the injustices done to them in the past are righted, the fascist countries will be so brutal as to continue to bomb defenseless peoples just for good, clean, fascist sport. But they will, for they despise the weak sentimentality that thinks the life of a baby something sacred.

Let us admit that we do not come into court with clean hands. The fact remains that just as we were beginning to emerge from our bloody past and seek a new foundation for international peace and brotherhood, a hand reached up to pull us back down—the hand that murdered Matteotti and assassinated Dollfuss, the hand that shelled Almería and bombed Nanking. Democracy must not be forever hoist by the petard of its own sins. The only answer to the problem of war and peace at the present time is a united democratic front against fascist aggression anywhere in the world, anytime. If an international army and navy is necessary to enforce peace, let us have one. If a revised and revitalized League of Nations divorced from the Versailles treaty can iron out trade and exchange difficulties and make the world's raw materials equally accessible to all, let us have that.

But let us realize, once and for all, that by retreating like frightened rabbits before fascist aggression we bring steadily closer the inevitable day of reckoning by arms.

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William Gropper

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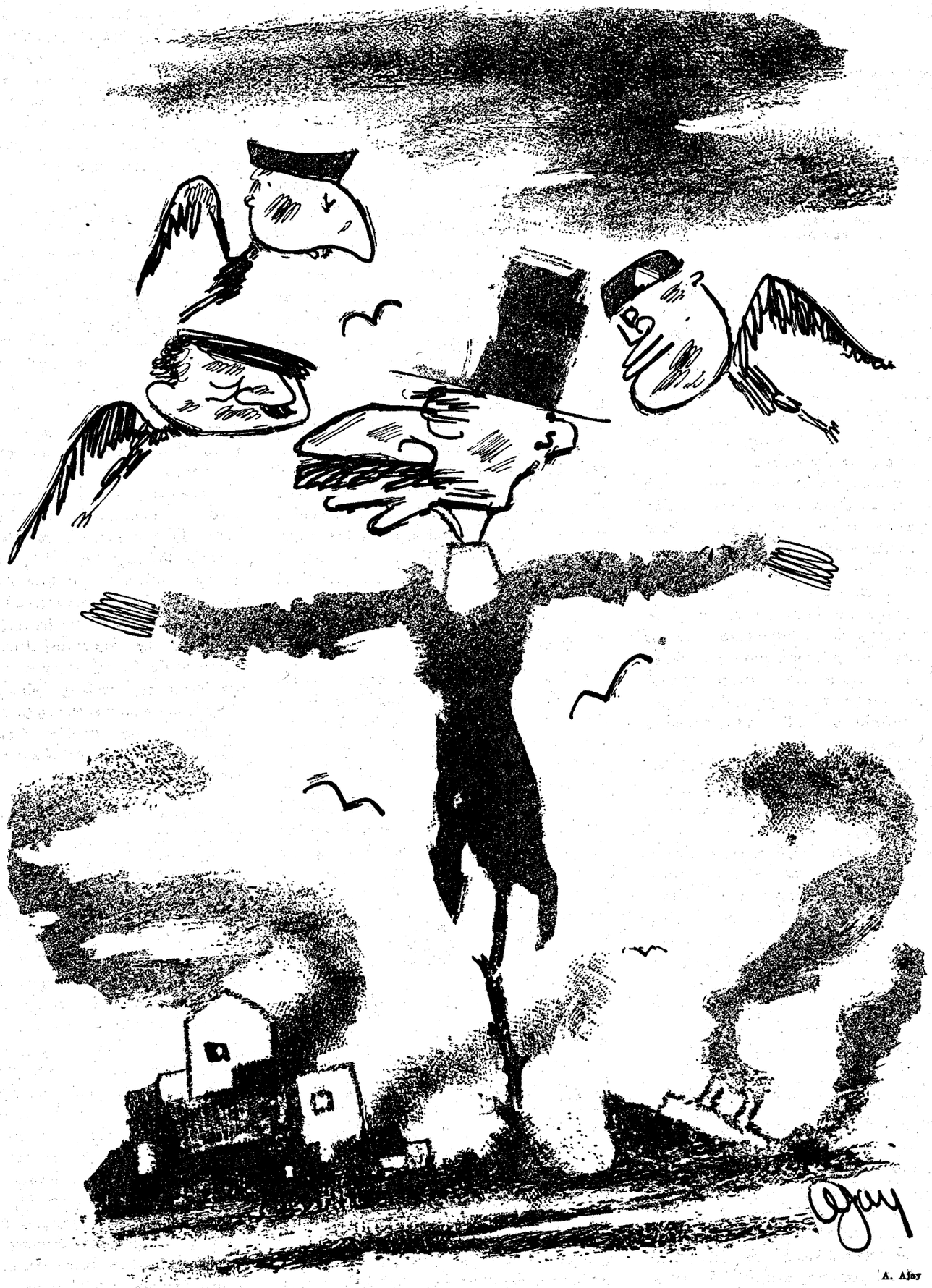

A. Ajay

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Editors
THEODORE DRAPER, GRANVILLE HICKS, CROCKETT JOHNSON, JOSHUA KUNITZ, A. B. MAGIL, HERMAN MICHELSON, BRUCE MINTON, SAMUEL SILLEN.

Contributing Editors
ROBERT FORSYTHE, JOSEPH FREEMAN, MICHAEL GOLD, HORACE GREGORY, ALFRED O'MALLEY, LOREN MILLER, ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, RICHARD WRIGHT, MARGUERITE YOUNG.

Business and Circulation Manager
GEORGE WILLNER.

Advertising Manager
ERIC BERNAY.

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The Real Road to Victory

"THE ultimate victory of tomorrow is with democracy," said President Roosevelt in his address before the National Education Association. And at Gettysburg a few days later he spoke confidently of winning the battle for democracy and for security for the average citizen.

It is this note of faith in democracy, faith in the "human capital" whose conservation he eloquently defended before the National Education Association convention that the President strikes as he sets off on his cross-country trip. He has left no doubt as to the purpose of the trip: in his "fireside chat" he unequivocally declared his intention to use his influence in Democratic primaries wherever the issue was clearcut between a liberal and a conservative candidate, and he urged a similar drawing of the line in the primaries of other parties.

These have been good speeches he has made, but much more than good speeches and support of certain candidates is needed if reaction is to be defeated in the congressional elections. The present emergency requires a far broader recovery program than the one passed by the last Congress—a program that will envisage larger social expenditures, increased taxation of the wealthy, and the nationalization of banking, the railroads, the public utilities, and the munitions industry. It is around such issues that the democratic front of the overwhelming majority of the nation can be built.

What Browder Really Said

THE capitalist press has outdone itself in twisting what Earl Browder, the general secretary of the Communist Party, said at the McNaboe Legislative Committee hearings. One example will suffice:

The senator asked Browder: "If there came a war between the United States and Russia, would you bear arms?" The reply was: "I refuse to admit the possibility of such a war." When McNaboe pressed for another and what he had hoped would be a compromising answer, Browder added: "Under *any conceivable* possibility of a war *indicated at the present time,* I would bear arms for the United States."

Instead of dealing with hypothetical abstractions, Browder, in real Marxist fashion, insisted on dealing with concrete realities. What he said was simply this: In the present concrete historical situation there is no conceivable reason why there should be a war between the two friendly, non-aggressive, democratic countries. *Such a war being inconceivable,* any *conceivable* war of the United States at the present time can only be with a country or countries other than the USSR. Furthermore, under present concrete historical conditions, war on the part of the United States could conceivably be declared only in response to provocations by some aggressor nation or nations; that is, according to all *present indications,* by the fascist states. In such a war, *the only conceivable war in which the United States might find itself involved at the present time,* Browder would do just what the Communists in Spain and China are doing, and what the Communists in France, Czechoslovakia, and other democratic countries are ready to do—he would bear arms in defense of democracy and against fascism.

Another Madrid?

THE big fascist drive against Valencia will dominate the news from Spain throughout the next few months. If the republican forces can convert Valencia into another Madrid, the Italo-German invasion of Spain will be faced with a real emergency.

From all appearances, the fascists intend to repeat the strategy used by them during the Aragon drive in March. They will try to hold down the use of infantry to a minimum. Their artillery and planes will blast away at fortified loyalist positions in an effort to make them untenable. All the might of a highly mechanized army will be brought to bear in order to effect speedy advances.

Such a campaign is enormously expensive; the fascists have to use an infinitely greater amount of materials in the offense than the loyalists in the defense. A stalemate represents a first-rate fascist setback.

Before the invaders can lay siege to Valencia itself, they must take Sagunto. This city is the key to very rich wheat lands in Valencia province and the republicans know how much it means for the food supply of Central Spain. They must cross the Mijares River, swift and exceedingly difficult. In the opinion of the *Week* (London), "it could not be crossed without losses by the insurgents out of all relation even to those they have suffered during the last two months, when, it is estimated, they have been in the ratio of five to every one republican casualty."

The republican army of the Levante, entrusted with the defense of Sagunto and Valencia, is efficiently organized and splendidly led. It is composed wholly of Spaniards; it proved its capabilities and heroism in the two-month defense of Castellon. This army has it in its power to prove to the world the fundamental truth in the slogan of Premier Negrín—to resist is to win.

Catholics and Spain

THE announcement of the *Commonweal,* influential Catholic weekly, that it is abandoning its pro-Franco position and is adopting a policy of neutrality toward the Spanish conflict is deeply significant. It is indicative of the developing ferment in Catholic circles with regard to the role of the official Church leaders in the struggle between democracy and fascism not only in Spain, but throughout the world. Under Michael Williams, who recently retired from the editorship, the *Commonweal* had been among the most fervent partisans of Franco's cause. That the new editors, after nearly two years of the tragic war in Spain, have come to the conclusion that they are no longer able to support Franco can only mean that, despite the pressure of the majority of the hierarchy, the deep-rooted democratic sentiments of the Catholic masses of this country are increasingly making their influence felt. This is practically admitted by the editors of another Catholic weekly, *America,* which takes the *Commonweal* sharply to task for deserting Franco.

> Truthfully, but sadly [writes *America*] one admits that many thousands of American Catholics profess the same inability as the *Commonweal* editors to see the Spanish issues clearly. They have split themselves off from the solid Catholic thought in the United States and have tended toward the opinions of the non-Catholic majority.

The editors of *America* are apparently determined not only to convert what is happening in Spain into a religious war—which it most certainly is not—but are even attempting to create elements of a religious war in the United States. Clearly the majority of American Catholics, who have been the victims of injustice and bigotry at the hands of a small minority of Protestant reactionaries, can only suffer from using the two-edged sword which the editors of *America* are seeking to place in their hands. We do not think that the rank and file of American Catholics have any apologies to make for standing shoulder to shoulder with their Protestant brethren in support of democracy. When *America,* despite its pretense of being factual and judicial, states that "Franco has

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a tender regard for babies and mothers and non-combatants" and that "Franco has corporative views that are highly consistent with Catholic principles and the Papal encyclicals," it is obvious why it finds itself out of sympathy with so many thousands of faithful members of the Church.

The *Commonweal,* on the other hand, finds that many of the rebel leaders "give utterance to totalitarian views very similar to those which have been condemned by the Church in other countries." And it also believes that the Franco regime's "alliance with the fascist and Nazi nations implicates it to some, if an uncertain, extent in the evils of those regimes."

The most severe criticism that the magazine makes of the loyalist government is that it "or part of it, has instigated, or at least permitted, the murder of priests, nuns, and lay people." This has been refuted and continues to be refuted by the daily activity of the government itself. Such excesses as may have occurred in the early days of the war took place before the government achieved control of the situation. By arranging for the gradual resumption of religious services in loyalist territory, the republic is demonstrating that its quarrel is not with the Church, but with those who, forgetting the teachings of their own religion, have abused their authority in order to sell the Catholic people of Spain into bondage to that great defender of the faith, Adolf Hitler.

We trust that the new policy of the *Commonweal,* whatever its shortcomings, marks the beginning of that clarification of the issues involved that is so urgently needed not only in regard to Spain, but the United States as well. There is need for closer understanding and cooperation among all those who desire democracy and progress, and this includes, we know, the majority of the members of the Catholic Church.

A Judge Negates the Law

BEFORE the passage of the Anti-Injunction Law in New York, the courts had the power to enjoin peaceful picketing along with violent and disorderly picketing, without bothering to differentiate between them. Under the Anti-Injunction Law, enacted after the courts had been transformed into a strikebreaking agency, peaceful picketing was explicitly removed from the jurisdiction of court injunctions.

Judge Salvatore A. Cotillo evidently did not take kindly to the statute. Not approving it, he suddenly decided to throw it out the window. Last week, on the excuse that violence had occurred, Judge Cotillo granted a permanent injunction of the most sweeping kind which forbade all members of the United Retail Employees Union and the United Optical Workers Union from picketing the Busch Jewelry Co. and other stores. He made no distinction between the peaceful pickets and those charged with violence. In other words, the judge personally decided it was time to negate the meaning of the state and federal Anti-Injunction Laws.

Workers who defied the all-inclusive injunction were immediately arrested. Their case has already been appealed, with both the CIO and the AF of L retaining experienced labor attorneys to defend them. In the words of Lee Pressman, general counsel of the CIO, the case is a test of a "serious violation of labor's basic rights." In demanding that the statute passed by the State Legislature be upheld against the attack of one man, workers and progressives are rallying the broadest possible support to ensure a successful defense of their civil liberties.

Smearing WPA

THERE is nothing surprising in the attempt by Republicans and anti-New Deal Democrats to fasten on WPA as an excuse to embarrass the administration. The smear campaign directed at WPA is based on the good logic that since the administration is giving work relief to the unemployed, it is thereby influencing the unemployed politically. That can be granted without argument: it is quite natural that men and women without any means of support will be more favorably inclined toward candidates who refuse to cut relief and even favor its expansion, than to those who would eliminate it. The charge that WPA influences voters is only the charge that the New Deal offers a program in defense of democracy and people's rights as opposed to the program of Liberty League Republicans and Democrats pledged to sacrifice the majority for the interests of the few economic royalists.

It is encouraging that the Works Progress Administration has not been intimidated by the blasts of the reactionaries and the press that serves them. Wages in thirteen Southern states were raised to a $26 minimum from the miserably low $21 a month minimum for unskilled labor in rural districts. In North Carolina, Virginia, Kentucky, and Oklahoma, all classes were upped. The ceiling of $1,000 a year for Northern and Western white-collar workers was removed.

Moreover, charges of WPA political pressure in Kentucky were answered specifically by Administrator Harry Hopkins. Of the twenty-two instances of abuse cited by Scripps-Howard reporter Thomas L. Stokes (Scripps-Howard's last great crusade was generaled by Ben Stolberg), investigation disproved twenty-one. The charge of misuse of position by a project foreman was admitted and the foreman punished. That one man in the huge relief setup overstepped his authority hardly condemns the whole administration. In fact, the existence of this one abuse serves to indicate how rarely such violations occur in relief administration.

However, hysterical charges, for the most part baseless, continue. Evidently, the anti-New Dealers hope that the noise they create will hurt the administration even though the charges are ultimately disproved. Such for example seems the purpose of the denunciation of Assistant Administrator Aubrey Williams, who told the Workers Alliance, "You know who your friends are. Keep your friends in power!" Instead of political campaigning, as this statement was labeled, it seems on examination a rather sensible approach to political action, an approach that avoids appealing for support of any specific party or any specific candidate.

The election campaign of the reactionaries has started and WPA is their target. Well and good. New Deal opposition has still to offer a program for workers and unemployed that will bear examination. Until that is done, smear tactics only bring to light the nature of the opposition, and only serve to underline the necessity of organizing the democratic front in support of more relief, greater protection of WPA, and increased demands for a higher living standard.

NEA Convention

THE extraordinary interest aroused by this year's convention of the National Education Association, which was held in New York last week, reflected the growing concern of American educators with controversial social issues. While the fifteen thousand delegates did not directly represent the vast rank and file of the teaching profession, they made an advance over the routine of former years by examining issues which transcended their immediate problems as administrators and supervisors. The major themes developed by most of the seven hundred speakers were the fascist threat to culture and the responsibility of teachers for preserving democracy. Both themes were touched on by President Roosevelt in his address to the convention. The President cited the exiling of scientists, artists, musicians, writers, and teachers, the dispersing of universities, and the suppression of literature and art, as instances of what has happened in those countries where the people have been crushed by dictatorships. He urged educators to redouble their efforts to keep America free.

One of the outstanding speeches at the convention was delivered by Dr. Goodwin Watson, professor of education at Teachers College, who denounced the narrow nationalistic spirit now dominant in many countries. Dr. Watson contrasted this spirit with

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that of the Soviet Union, whose "notable international achievements" he praised very highly. Professor Watson explained the tremendous achievement in the Soviet Union represented by the cooperation of eleven autonomous republics, including 189 peoples speaking 150 languages.

The educators listened to liberal speeches on such a diversity of subjects as Mayor Hague, federal aid to education, and the NLRB. Of the speeches on professional problems, it is to be hoped that the NEA will take most to heart the warning of Prof. Robert K. Speer of New York University that administrators seldom keep abreast of changing educational needs and that policy-making should be in the hands of the teachers themselves and not the supervisors. It is only fair to insist that educators who approve of democracy in principle should carry it into practice in their own profession.

Criticizing the Legion

THE popgun warfare over the American Legion didn't quite shake the convention of the National Education Association from stem to stern, but it did provide an opportunity for certain individuals to let off steam. Both Prof. William Gellerman, whose Ph.D. thesis, *The American Legion as Educator,* happened to be published at the time the convention met, and Daniel Doherty, national commander of the legion, seem to have been fired by an excess of zeal. Professor Gellerman's book, judging from the newspaper accounts, seems to be a valuable factual study of the reactionary activities in which sections of the American Legion have engaged, but his conclusions that the legion as such is fascist, that its members should leave the organization, and that the NEA should break off all relations with the legion are entirely too sweeping. To all of which National Commander Doherty made the crushing reply that Professor Gellerman's study was inspired in Moscow.

Certain it is that the strikebreaking and patrioteering activities with which the American Legion has too often been identified have been a menace to democracy. But for this, irresponsible reactionary leadership has been primarily to blame. As was pointed out by the Council of United States Veterans, a progressive organization which includes such outstanding veterans as Gen. William S. Graves and Gen. Pelham D. Glassford, "The American Legion is not fascist, though individual office holders and cliques within the legion . . . have done much to make it seem so."

In the last few years there has developed a growing revolt among the membership against the anti-democratic policies of the "royal family." This sentiment has begun making its influence felt even in the top circles. It was at the 1936 convention of the NEA that Frank Miles, editor of the *Iowa Legionnaire,* speaking in the name of National Commander Ray Murphy, attacked loyalty oaths. And it was National Commander Harry W. Colmery who, during the 1936 election campaign, criticized legionnaires who disrupted meetings of Earl Browder, Communist presidential candidate, and branded attempts to suppress civil liberties as smacking of Hitlerism.

The fight against reaction in the legion has by no means been won. But the progressives need to be encouraged to continue their efforts and not abandon this organization of nearly 1,000,000 members to the tinpot Hitlers of the Jeremiah Cross and George U. Harvey stripe.

Is Chamberlain Slipping?

THE conviction has been growing in England, especially within normally Conservative circles, that the present Prime Minister is politically very clumsy. He lacks his predecessor's adroit way of putting a good face on essentially the same vicious policies. One has only to compare Baldwin's sabotage of sanctions during the Italo-Ethiopian War with Chamberlain's difficulties in putting into effect the still suspended Anglo-Italian agreement. The Conservative back-benchers are becoming restless, and this, combined with the extremely broad popular opposition to his policies, may prove Chamberlain's undoing.

Few British governments have fumbled around so badly as the present one throughout the case involving Duncan Sandys, Winston Churchill's son-in-law. The government has already largely backed down on its original intention to prosecute Sandys, a conservative MP, for violation of the Official Secrets Act. There is reason to believe that Chamberlain would like to consider the whole incident closed. The opposition, however, knows that it has a good thing and is pressing its advantage to the utmost.

The Official Secrets Act has been unpopular from the moment it was passed, two years ago. Its fascist implications in the hands of so reactionary a government as the present were obvious from the beginning. The Sandys incident is the first, however, to focus popular attention on its shocking potentialties. Unfortunately for Chamberlain, this case also involves a second weak point of the regime, the laxity in air-raid precautions. For a number of months, the left press has charged that corruption in the War Ministry has caused the waste of incredible sums, supposedly devoted to refuges and anti-aircraft batteries. The Sandys case may not break the Chamberlain camel's back but it will certainly help.

James Weldon Johnson

THERE are some fighters whose method of combat is so quiet and consistent that their great value and effectiveness are not wholly felt until they have fallen at their posts. Such was James Weldon Johnson, one of the outstanding writers and leaders of the Negro people, the news of whose death a few days ago came as a distinct shock to all lovers of liberty.

Battling his way up from the morasses of the feudal South, Johnson's life and achievements span one of the most decisive periods in the history of the Negro people. A fighter always, he used as his weapons many instruments: music, prose, poetry, and organization. A nation has sung his songs; thousands have read his prose; his poetry, conveying the folk consciousness of the Negro, is an enduring contribution to American culture; and his fight against lynching was in the classic tradition of American prose and places him in the ranks of Frederick Douglass, Harriet Tubman, and Sojourner Truth.

Johnson's unique distinction lay in the fact that he fought oppression with positive contributions to the culture of his day. The democratic front in America sustained a great loss in his death.

ALP's Tentative Slate

THAT the American Labor Party will play an independent role in the 1938 elections cannot be challenged by anyone who realizes the importance of assuring progressives a steadily increased voice in government. To this end, the ALP has named a tentative slate for the primary: Joseph D. McGoldrick, city controller, for governor; Robert F. Wagner to succeed himself as United States Senator; Elinore M. Herrick, regional director of the National Labor Relations Board for lieutenant governor; Frederick Umhey, counsel and executive secretary of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, for attorney general; Langdon W. Post, former tenement-house commissioner, for controller; and Mrs. Caroline O'Day, Democratic incumbent, and Arthur Huggins, secretary-treasurer of the International Paper Workers Union, for representatives-at-large. To fill the vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the death of Royal S. Copeland, the ALP proposed Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

It is this last nomination that has aroused criticism. Immediately, those who seek out all opportunities to weaken the ALP raised a cry that Hillman was not satisfactory. Joseph P. Ryan, long a Tammany henchman, led the protest for the top leadership of the AF of L which had already given notice that no matter what the ALP decided, the AF of L

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executive would oppose. That could be expected. But the fact that since the AF of L's blast against the ALP, no affiliate has withdrawn from the ALP indicates that the federation's executive does not control the political sympathies of affiliated unions. More serious was David Dubinsky's objection to Hillman and his support of Governor Lehman. Whatever the reasons for Dubinsky's coolness to Hillman's candidacy, the president of the International Ladies Garment Workers gives comfort to the right wing of the Democratic Party and to those labor leaders who still consider politics a field in which they can make deals to assure personal gains.

Dubinsky's unfortunate opposition only draws attention to the necessity for labor unity if labor and its progressive allies are to play a significant independent role in politics. Whatever the American Labor Party decides to do in altering its present tentative list of candidates, its strategy should be planned to augment this all-important unity behind its fight against reaction.

The Vermiform McNaboe

MILLIONS of Americans, from one end of the continent to the other, have just celebrated "with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations" the 162nd anniversary of the signing of the immortal Declaration of Independence.

Our countrymen are proudly happy. Like them, we too would be happy and proud, were it not for the news reports piled on our desk and the fact that, as a journal of opinion, we are obliged to study and comment upon the tragi-comic hearings before the McNaboe Legislative Committee—established, incidentally, for the purpose of inquiring into *criminal* tendencies and the problems of enforcing the New York State *criminal* laws.

We confess: the business of tearing ourselves away from contemplating the exalted record of democracy's spiritual and intellectual triumph as crystallized in the Declaration and plunging into the deep morass of obscurantism, bigotry, primitive fear, unreasoning hatred, tawdry demagogy, and nauseating vulgarity as reflected in the questions, pronouncements, and asides of "Grand Inquisitor" Senator McNaboe during Earl Browder's testimony fills us with ineffable melancholy. And disgust, too, when we recall how this elected representative of a democratic people behaved in the presence of the Nazi Führer in this country, Fritz Kuhn. His attitude then was a model of more than brotherly forbearance. His committee "succeeded in making heroes of the officers of the German American Bund," said Congressman Samuel Dickstein—a just if startling reproach!

We think of Jefferson's lofty dream of a free and enlightened citizenry marching periodically to the polls, choosing the wisest and most cultivated amongst them to articulate the common wishes and progressive hopes of American humanity. Momentarily, while we are still in a gloomy frame of mind, the bright side of our national existence seems obscured. We see—Hague! Harvey! McNaboe! Political tricksters and mountebanks, illiterates and ignoramuses, shysters and petty tyrants laying claim to a monopoly on patriotism, hypocritically mouthing encomiums to a democratic order they neither love nor understand, and whose fundamental principles they betray without a sign of compunction or shame.

We have characterized the hearings before the McNaboe Legislative Committee as "tragi-comic." This is especially true of the performance of the august senator himself. But in his case the accent must definitely be placed to the hyphen's right. Indeed the public spectacle of an intellectual pigmy straining to grapple with problems and movements of a magnitude utterly beyond his capacity is more ludicrous than sad. Small wonder the papers record numerous occasions when the senator's gaucheries caused the audience to "rock with laughter." As when McNaboe, after stumbling several times over the word "indissolubly" in one of the Communist documents he was reading, confessed that this word has always been a source of embarrassment to him, and finally pronounced it "indisolluably." Or when McNaboe announced authoritatively that it was a Japanese senator by the name of Katayama who first brought Communism to this country. The silly notion that in the modern world of newspapers, telegraphs, cables, etc., a movement that has swept nations and continents had to be smuggled in by a lonely Japanese (do you get the sinister import?) was in itself enough to stir the risibilities of the audience. But hilarity exceeded all bounds when Browder revealed that the Japanese Communist Katayama (who lived in the United States from 1901 to 1919) was not a senator, but that his first name was Sen.

McNaboe's attempt to create the impression of being possessed of some real "inside dope" was swept away in a gale of laughter. In discomfiture he hastened to announce a recess. Then there was the amusing episode when at one point on the senator's profound disquisition on a quotation from Lenin, Browder remarked that he thought the senator was "vulgarizing that statement." The senator flushed, paused, and shot back angrily: "You are not trying to intimate that the chairman of this committee is vulgar as compared to the witness, are you?" And Browder had to set self-righteous ignorance straight on the meaning of the word "vulgarize" in theoretical discussion: the mechanical reduction of a complex proposition to terms that are patently too simple.

The knowledge the senator displayed of American history, social philosophy, and world affairs was quite on a par with his knowledge of the English language.

Even as a sleuth, he cut a pathetically ridiculous figure. Forsooth, this Sherlock Holmes in a senatorial toga "spotted" the dark secret that the Communist Party, a legal political party in this country, was engaged in organization and propaganda, had its own publications, and formed units wherever it could—a "secret" the senator might have discovered in one second had he only taken trouble to read the Communist press.

Two great forces are struggling for mastery in the contemporary world—progress versus retrogression, darkness versus light, civilization verus barbarism, democracy versus fascism. In Spain and China and Czechoslovakia and Mexico and South America and England and France—yes, and in this country—this struggle is raging with various degrees of intensity. Millions of people are sacrificing their lives in a worldwide clash of two irreconcilable forces. But it took the incomparable Senator McNaboe to find the classic word to describe it: a "racket!"

Experience, say the Marxists, determines consciousness. What is it in Senator McNaboe's experience, we should like to ask, that brings this classic term to his mind? Is it his political associations or his business contacts or what? We wonder.

Our fellow countrymen have been happily engaged in their Independence Day festivities. And now that we have this McNaboe business off our chest, we are happy too. For we are congenital optimists, and blessed with a sense of humor besides. And while depressed by the thought that 162 years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, America can still produce a McNaboe, we are consoled by the counterthought that the relation of this tory to healthy democratic America is not unlike that of a putrid appendix to an otherwise healthy human body! Both are atavistic reminders of humanity's remote and brutish past, and both can be removed, before infection spreads.

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Forsythe's Page

More Thoughts While Thinking

THE headlines in the papers always interest me and I came across one the other night in the New York *Journal and American* which pleased me too much for any use. It read: BRITAIN SPARED BY FRANCO. This is the result of Mr. Chamberlain's policy of appeasement. If Britain is humble enough, Franco will treat it kindly. If Joe Louis will keep a civil tongue in his mouth, Johnny Kilbane, the ex-featherweight champion, will refrain from kicking him.

The thought that I may have prompted Franco in smacking the British ruling louses causes me some concern, but I can say in excuse that Mr. Chamberlain loves it. Anybody who failed to understand that British class interests were paramount with the Chamberlains and Astors was a fool to begin with. The truth is that Chamberlain is supporting Franco—and has been from the start. Does Chamberlain's heart ache for the British sailors who are killed by the Italian and German bombers operating under the flag of Franco? If you will go back and read Litvinov's election speech which was published last Tuesday in the *Daily Worker,* you will get an idea what actuates the Deterdings and Halifaxes. They are mortally afraid of a general conflict which will force them to put arms in the hands of the workers. As a consequence they will compromise with any reactionary power in the world—far more willing to live under the tyranny of a Hitler than in a democracy where their stolen goods may not be so safe.

BRITAIN SPARED BY FRANCO. Back in five minutes. Out to laugh.

Dr. Conant of Harvard estimates that the larger institutions of learning are fishing for their students in a pond containing only 5 percent of the possible prospects. But one must admit they are the superior 5 percent. They voted six to one for Landon.

Not having been present at the Battle of Bannockburn, I will have to die with the meager knowledge that I saw Joe Louis give Herr Schmeling the Spanish salute, practically knocking him over the right field fence, trailing white supremacy as he went. My disrespect for prize fighting is well known but anybody who pretends this fight was not a political struggle is a liar. On the way home I kept humming a happy tune and only as I climbed into bed did I recognize it as Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled.

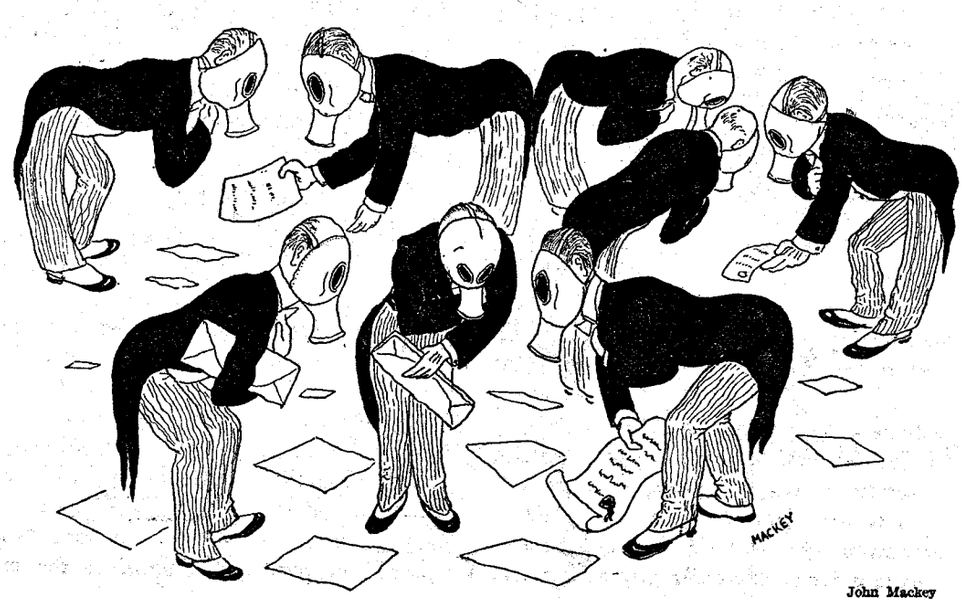
The poem by Langston Hughes on Clarence Norris, published last week in the *Daily Worker,* is one of the most stirring things I have ever read.

For months I have been cherishing a clipping from the New York *Times* which reported on a visit of a Dutch correspondent to this country. The gentleman was rather shocked by New York. Didn't see a laughing face the whole time he was here.

A friend who should know better has just sent me a clipping of a talk I made several years ago at Penn State in which I said that the stage was the last stronghold for liberal ideas. Since the Shaw controversy arose, I'm not so certain. The very mechanics of the theater make it difficult to express direct opinions. The tendency is to balance things up and that is fatal to ideas. I think Shaw, in his time, was able to do a great deal for ideas which, although meagerly liberal, were so far ahead of public opinion that they sounded radical. But in our present state of misery, this is no longer possible. Any outright statement of a point of view is immediately labeled propaganda. The consequence is that playwrights are unconsciously forced into an attitude of compromise which they may not intend at all. In these matters I'm probably still an infantile leftist. I yearn with all my soul for the old thunderbolts of the Theatre Union. *Pins and Needles* was good but I agree with Heywood Broun in wishing that it might have caused more squirming in the sabled audiences which hunted it out as an amusing novelty. About Cabaret TAC, I cannot say with authority because I missed it this spring; but I hope it will not deal too kindly with the better people. Unless the idea can be made available to a large general audience, it will be merely another theatrical stunt. I don't want it admired by Lucius Beebe; I want him to abhor it.

For those who watch the little significant things of public life which point the way of greater issues, I recommend a close reading of the debates in Parliament on the Official Secrets Act. They were raging last week around a young member named Duncan Sandys who had proposed to ask Hore-Belisha, the War Minister, a question regarding the air defenses of the island. Hore-Belisha retorted that if Sandys dared ask the question publicly he would be making himself liable for a two-year term in jail. The point was that the information had come from official sources. When the War Ministry attempted to force Sandys to reveal the source of the information and demanded that he appear in the uniform of a second lieutenant for court martial, he refused and pleaded the immunity due a member of Parliament.

The issue involved is the democratic structure of the British government. Since practically all government information is of necessity official, the act could be used to shut off inquiry of any sort on the actions of a government in power. In any case of an upset of a government over laxity of performance, the information has come from inside. If this act had been in force, the arms scandal which upset the Asquith government during the World War would have been impossible. In its simplest aspect, the fight is for freedom of speech and freedom of the press. It is a serious issue and if it is not decided by the time this reaches print, it will pay you to watch it closely. In every historical epoch, there is a turning point of this nature which foreshadows everything that follows. The Official Secrets Act, if used ruthlessly, could be fascism as pure as anything ever envisioned by Hitler himself. ROBERT FORSYTHE.



John Mackey

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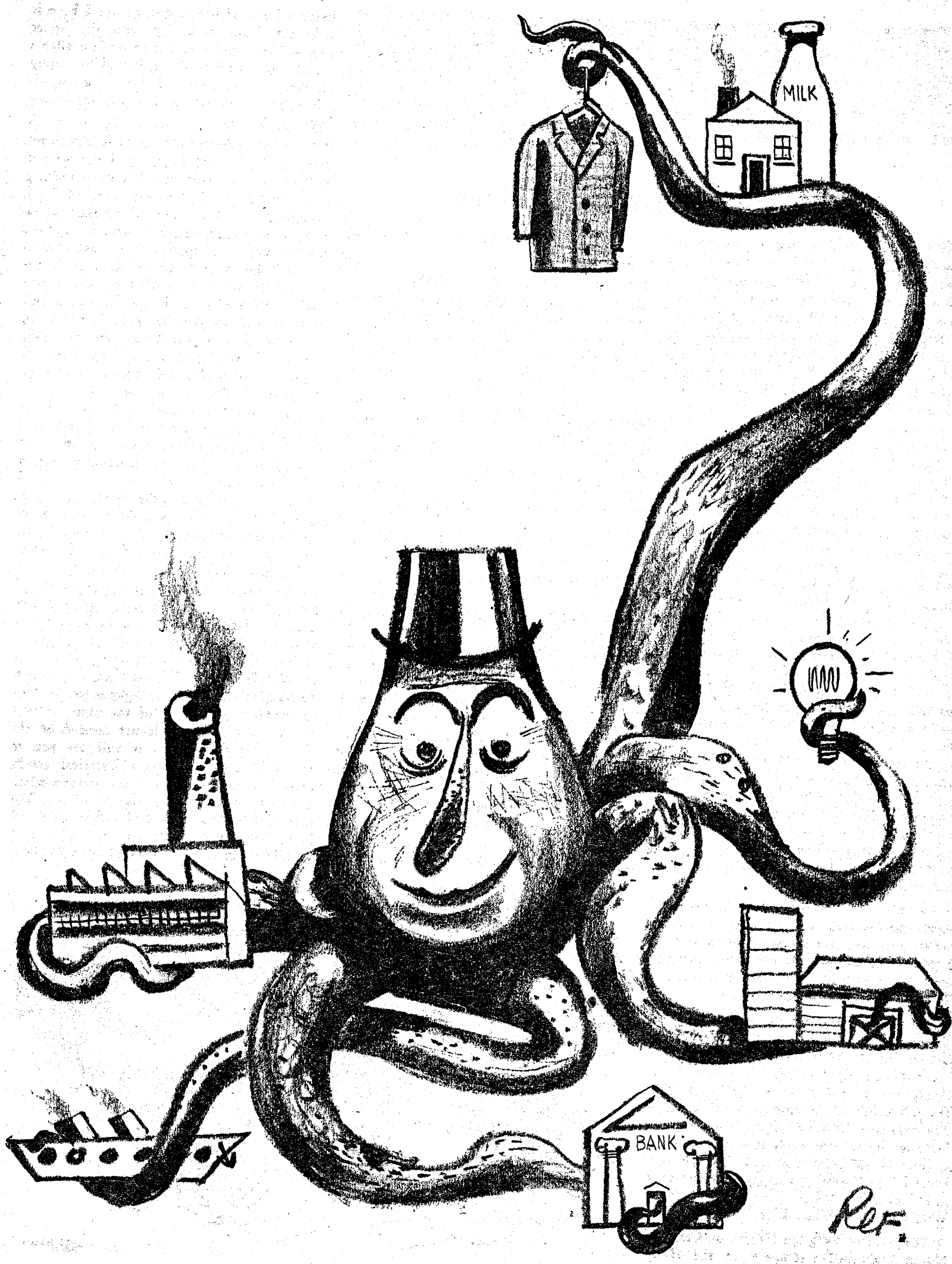

MONOPOLY

Anton Refregier

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THE NEW DEAL AND LABOR

The Second of Three Articles on the New Deal

A. B. MAGIL

THE transformation of the New Deal from a vehicle of the big-business drive toward fascism into a program which is increasingly expressing the economic and political interests of the workers, farmers, and urban middle-classes began in 1935 and has continued—not without occasional detours and retreats—until the present. This change is most apparent in the administration's attitude toward the problems of monopoly and capital-labor relations, but it can also be seen in other fields. For example, taxation.

In his campaign speech at Worcester, Mass., on Oct. 21, 1936, President Roosevelt said, "One sure way to determine the social conscience of a government is to examine the way taxes are collected and how they are spent." By that test the Hoover regime stands indicted as perhaps the most ruthless and reactionary in the history of the country. Figures submitted on Aug. 6, 1935, to the Senate Finance Committee by Robert H. Jackson, at that time counsel of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, showed that in the fiscal year 1930, taxes paid by the wealthy (income taxes, estate and gift taxes, capital-stock and excess-profits taxes) constituted 68.2 percent of the government's revenue, while those which were paid for the most part by the masses of the people (miscellaneous revenue taxes and customs taxes) were 31.8 percent of the total. In the years that followed, years of deepening economic crisis, the Hoover-Mellon crowd transferred an increasingly greater portion of the tax burden from the rich to the poor. Thus, in the fiscal year 1933, for which tax rates were set under the Hoover administration, only 41.7 percent of taxes were contributed by the wealthy, and 58.3 percent by those least able to pay. Moreover, during this period a larger proportion of the income taxes was exacted from the low-income groups. Thus in 1930, persons with less than $5,000 annual taxable income paid 2.1 percent of the total federal income tax, while those with incomes of $100,000 and over paid 50.3 percent of the total; in 1932 the contribution of the former group rose to 13 percent and that of the latter declined to 33.5 percent.

The New Deal began by continuing the Hoover trend, with the masses paying 66.1 percent of the taxes in the fiscal year 1934 and the rich only 33.9 percent—almost an exact reversal of the relationship in 1930. Only in the year 1935 did this relationship begin to move in the opposite direction. In that year the proportion of taxes from the poor declined to 61.3 percent and that paid by the wealthy rose to 38.7 percent. This was not due, however, to any revision in the rates, but to increased revenue from income taxes and estate and gift taxes, as a result of the recovery spurt. Not until the summer of 1935, when the dominant Wall Street groups had already turned against Roosevelt, did the administration make the first serious attempt to revise the tax structure along more equitable lines. The Revenue Act of that year increased taxes on individual incomes over $50,000, on estates and gifts, and on the larger corporations. As a result of this law and of the invalidation of the AAA processing taxes, there occurred a decided shift in the tax trend, 48.6 percent of taxes being paid by the wealthy in 1936 and 51.4 percent by the poor, according to computations of Labor Research Association. And in 1937 the well-to-do classes, for the first time since 1932, provided more than half of the federal revenue, the proportion being 51.1 percent, as against 48.9 percent paid by the consuming masses.

In agriculture the shift in the administration's attitude is more difficult to trace. Since agriculture represents a highly competitive, relatively backward form of capitalist production, the pressure of the monopolies on New Deal policy in this sphere was never so great as in industry. Consequently the change has been less clearly defined. The important positive principle established by the New Deal was the system of cash benefits designed to give farmers a more equitable portion of the national income. In the practical application of this positive principle, however, there appeared certain negative features. The most important of these were: (1) the benefits were made dependent on compliance with a crop-reduction program that was essentially anti-social; (2) they were financed through processing taxes, the greater part of which, as President Roosevelt himself admitted in his supplemental budget message of March 3, 1936, was paid not by the wealthy processing corporations, but was "either passed on to consumers or taken out of the price paid producers"; (3) the bulk of the benefits went to the well-to-do and a section of the middle farmers instead of to those that needed them most; (4) the crop-reduction program served to drive many thousands of tenant farmers and sharecroppers off the land.

In all four respects the New Deal program today shows improvement. (1) Crop reduction still remains the guiding principle—and this must certainly be condemned—but the soil conservation feature of the AAA program, introduced on a large scale in 1936, does serve the useful purpose of building the soil and preventing erosion. Soil conservation, however, can and should be undertaken without crop curtailment. (2) The processing taxes have been completely eliminated and financing is from the general treasury fund. (3) A greater proportion of the benefits is now going to poor and middle farmers. The last session of Congress amended the Soil Conservation Act, increasing payments to all farmers receiving benefits of less than $200, imposing a $10,000 limit on individual payments, and making other provisions for protecting the interests of the poor farmers. (4) The Bankhead-Jones Farm Tenancy Act, passed in 1937, makes a beginning—pitifully inadequate as yet—toward a program of farm ownership for tenants and sharecroppers.

In addition to these improvements, the Farm Act of 1938 establishes federal crop insurance for wheat producers.

It is in its approach to monopoly and capital-labor relations that the transformation of the New Deal can be most clearly discerned. These two problems are the touchstone of any government, and the manner of their solution determines whether the main direction of its policy is toward progress or reaction. On both these questions there has been a gradual, though nonetheless momentous, shift in administration policy. Compare the attitude toward monopoly embodied in the National Industrial Recovery Act with that expressed in President Roosevelt's message of April 29, 1938, requesting a thoroughgoing investigation of monopolistic practices. Compare the manner in which the National Recovery Administration, under Gen. Hugh Johnson and Donald Richberg, dealt with the problems of union organization and collective bargaining with the approach of the National Labor Relations Board and the La Follette civil-liberties committee. One represents capitulation to predatory big business and the forces of incipient fascism, the other struggle against them.

The NIRA embodied ideas which Wall Street interests had advocated for years. Practically all of its specific provisions, with the exception of the collective-bargaining section, were put forward by the United States Chamber of Commerce in 1931 and 1932. The chamber had urged modification of the anti-trust laws to permit "self-government by industry" under codes regulating production, prices, and trade practices, and the establishment of a forty-hour week and minimum wage scales. The wages-and-hours provisions were regarded by big business as concessions in return for permission to fix prices, restrict production, and engage in other monopolistic practices banned by the anti-trust laws. Since most workers in the trustified mass-production industries were already averaging less than forty hours a week because of the curtailment of production during the economic

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crisis, this involved no great sacrifice for big business. Moreover, the adoption of the NIRA served to forestall a much more tangible concession, the Black-Connery thirty-hour-week bill, which had twice been passed by the Senate and had been favorably reported in the House.

As for wage rates under the NIRA, the American Federation of Labor reported in January 1934:

> In wages there have been definite gains under codes for the lowest wage groups; but workers of average or higher wages have been forced to a lower living standard. Hourly wage rates average higher by 5½ cents per hour, but in many cases this is not enough to compensate for shorter hours; and in no case is it enough to compensate for higher prices.

These higher prices, which tended to nullify wage increases, were the direct result of the price-fixing provisions of the codes and the administration's inflationary measures. The AF of L's criticism was officially confirmed in August 1934, in a survey prepared by Donald Richberg, then executive secretary of the Executive Council, a special body established to coordinate various New Deal agencies. Richberg's survey pointed out that while total wages in manufacturing industries increased by 37.5 percent from June 1933 to June 1934, average per capita weekly earnings rose only 8.5 percent. And since living costs in this period had increased 9.6 percent, there was actually a decline of about 1 percent in the purchasing power of the average individual worker.

In a statement issued when he signed the NIRA, President Roosevelt said:

> It [the act] represents a supreme effort to stabilize for all time the many factors which make for the prosperity of the nation and the preservation of American standards. Its goal is the assurance of a reasonable profit to industry and living wages for labor with the elimination of the piratical methods and practices which have not only harassed business, but contributed to the ills of labor.

This was the dream of the liberal class-collaborationist, and undoubtedly Roosevelt sincerely believed it possible to reconcile the conflicting interests of capital and labor and unite them in a great national effort that would pull the country out of the ditch of the economic crisis. The New Deal liberals proposed, but unfortunately they permitted the Wall Street monopolies to dispose. The confusion in the President's own mind is evident from the fact that, in a speech made during the 1932 election campaign before the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, he pointed out that "we are steering a steady course toward economic oligarchy, if we are not there already," and then proceeded to outline a program—the nucleus of the NIRA—whose effect could only be to strengthen that very monopolistic concentration of economic power against which he had warned.

In the notes he has written for the five-volume *Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt,* the President attempts to defend the NIRA against the charge that it furthered monopoly, and cites the fact that the act "required that the codes should not promote monopolies or eliminate or oppress small enterprise." Whatever lip service the corporations gave to this provision, it did not alter the fact that the codes did promote monopolies and oppress small enterprise. And in truth, it could not have been otherwise. For the NIRA did not establish codes of fair competition; it handed over that power to the trade associations dominated by Wall Street finance-capital. It did not set minimum wages and maximum hours; it handed over that power to the trade associations. (This is a basic difference between the NIRA and the wages-and-hours bill, passed by the last Congress, which for the first time establishes the principle of *federal-government* regulation of wages and hours.) It did not protect small-business men against the encroachments of monopoly; it handed over that power to the trade associations—the monopolies themselves. In the words of the Darrow-Thompson supplementary report to the report of the National Recovery Review Board, "monopolistic combinations are expected to enforce against themselves a law to prevent monopoly."

The completeness with which big business dominated the making and enforcement of the codes is evident from President Roosevelt's own admission in his notes that out of 557 basic codes and 189 supplementary codes approved by NRA, there was labor representation on only thirty-seven code authorities and consumer representation on three. The editors of the London *Economist,* in their little book, *The New Deal: An Analysis and Appraisal,* published shortly after the 1936 elections, write:

> In the process of code-making, the employers predominated. Where there were strong labor organizations already in existence in the industry, labor exercised a considerable influence, but not elsewhere. The interest of the consumer or the public interest in general received very little attention. The mass of supplementary law which was thus created in a few months was, accordingly, in the main, written by the industrialists themselves.

This judgment is confirmed in the most comprehensive study of the NRA, made by the Brookings Institution: *The National Recovery Administration: An Analysis and Appraisal.* This book also points out that the decisive factor in forcing the incorporation of favorable labor provisions in the dress-manufacturing and coal codes were the strikes conducted by the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and the organization campaign launched by the United Mine Workers of America. In other words, labor received from the NRA only what it was able, through its independent activity, to compel the employers to give.

Aaron Sopher

As a result of a rising tide of protests from small-business men and consumers, President Roosevelt appointed, in March 1934, the National Recovery Review Board, under the chairmanship of Clarence Darrow. After investigating thirty-four codes, the board issued three reports which were a sweeping indictment of the NIRA as an agency promoting the monopolistic oppression of little business. Yet so great was the influence of big business on New Deal policy that the administration, far from acting on the findings of the Darrow board, did everything to discredit them. This caused W. O. Thompson, a member of the board, to resign and to send a caustic letter to Roosevelt, in which he epitomized the character of the NRA as follows:

> The trend of the National Recovery Administration has been and continues to be toward the encouragement and development of monopoly capitalism in the United States. . . . Its development, day by day, reveals more clearly a marked trend toward fascism in the United States.

We have only to compare this situation under NIRA with the most recent trends in New Deal policy to note the vast difference. Instead of giving Wall Street monopoly a free hand in the hope that it will abide by the golden rule, the New Deal has launched an active campaign to curb the monopolies. Instead of relaxing the anti-trust laws, President Roosevelt in his message of April 29 called for a far-reaching investigation designed to provide new safeguards against the encroachments and abuses of the trusts. Instead of encouraging monopolistic price-fixing, the President has on a number of occasions in recent months urged the lowering of prices without reductions in wages—a policy which has borne fruit in the slashing of steel prices. And instead of attempting to create national unity *with* the monopolies (which in practice means subjecting the entire nation to their unrestrained rule), the New Deal has today become the nucleus of a national democratic front *against* the Wall Street monopolies. This changed attitude is evident in the speeches made last December by Secretary of the Interior Ickes and Solicitor General Robert H. Jackson, and in the President's Jackson Day address, in which he attacked one of the favorite and most typically American monopolistic devices, utility holding companies ("a ninety-six-inch dog being wagged by a four-inch tail"), and declared his determination to wipe out "price rigging, unfair competition directed against the little man, and monopolistic practices of many kinds"; as well as in the monopoly message in which he warned that the danger to democracy "comes from that concentrated private economic

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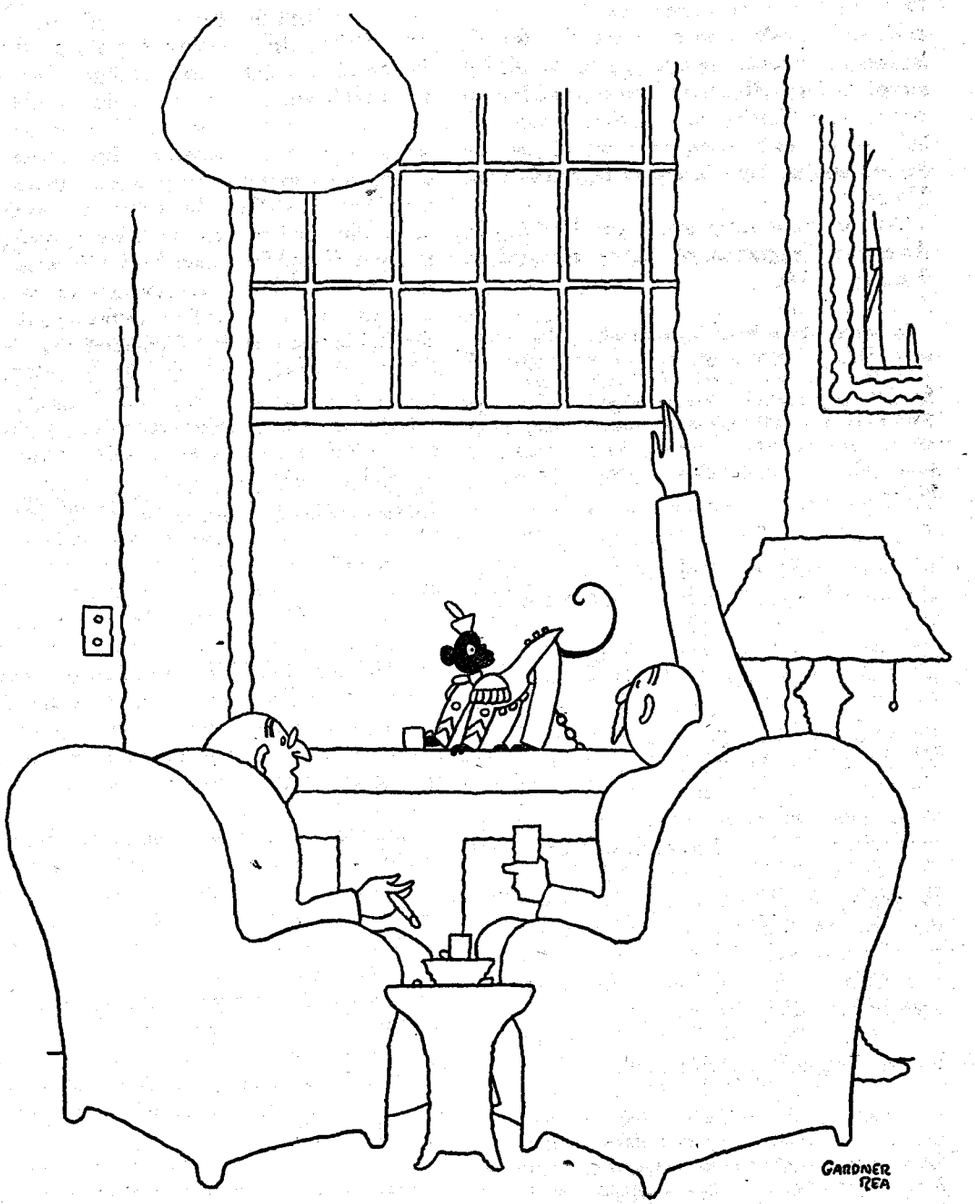
power which is struggling so hard to master our democratic government." Moreover, the gap between word and deed, which was so marked in the first phase of the New Deal, has narrowed considerably, though it is still far from being entirely closed. This is indicated by the recent trial and conviction of the oil companies for violating the anti-trust laws, by the proceedings that have been started on similar charges against the Aluminum Company of America and against General Motors, Chrysler, and the Ford Motor Co., and by the launching of a recovery program which, unlike the NIRA, is primarily concerned not with restoring profits, but with increasing purchasing power.

The labor policy of the two phases of the New Deal shows similar striking contrasts. It is significant that none of the big-business proposals which later blossomed into the National Industrial Recovery Act mentioned collective bargaining. In an article, "Whose Child Is the NRA?" in the September 1934 issue of *Harper's,* John T. Flynn charged that the original drafts of the NIRA bill, several of which were written by General Johnson, also contained not a word about collective bargaining. (According to Flynn, one version that Johnson wrote provided for a 10 percent sales tax!) Only at the insistence of officials of the labor movement and of the Department of Labor was the famous Section 7-A included, guaranteeing the right to organize and bargain collectively, free from employer interference.

President Roosevelt apparently believed that the employers would accept Section 7-A in good faith and thereby remove a basic cause of labor strife. But the bloody strike-breaking history of American capitalism since the seventies of the last century shows how naive was the belief that the monarchs of monopoly would voluntarily abandon this citadel of their power. For them Section 7-A was another tongue-in-the-cheek concession to labor which could easily be circumvented. In the Johnson-Richberg group at the head of the NRA apparatus, big business found ready accomplices. And under pressure of these reactionary forces, President Roosevelt, too, lent himself to the emasculation of Section 7-A, hoping that in this way capital would be appeased and labor satisfied with something less than half a loaf. Events proved that he miscalculated badly in regard to both. And the NIRA, which was conceived as a gigantic scheme of class collaboration, ushering in a new era of harmony between capital and labor, actually helped sharpen class tensions and accelerated the whole process of the realignment of class forces in the United States.

What upset the NIRA apple-cart was that the workers took Section 7-A at face value. To them this was the new deal that Roosevelt had promised, the opportunity to achieve some measure of freedom from the totalitarian oppressions of the factory. For the AF of L top leadership, whose capitulatory policies had greatly weakened the trade unions during the crisis years, Section 7-A was like manna from heaven, most of them regarding it as relieving them of the necessity of doing any real organizing work on their own. Hundreds of thousands of working men and women, under the impetus of the illusions created by Section 7-A, streamed into the unions. But only those established unions that, instead of relying on the NRA, undertook serious organizing campaigns, notably the needle-trades unions and the United Mine Workers, made substantial permanent gains. As for the employers, Section 7-A was for them the signal for launching the greatest company-union drive in the history of the country. The Twentieth Century Fund estimated in 1935 that about 2,500,000 workers were in company unions, of whom approximately half had been herded in since enactment of the NIRA. At the same time the corporations continued with impunity to reject genuine collective bargaining and to discriminate against workers for union activity. These anti-union practices were engaged in with the toleration and even connivance of high New Deal officials. As a result, a wave of strikes broke out in the latter half of 1933, reaching its height in the San Francisco general strike in July 1934 and the textile general strike in September 1934. It is significant that while in the first phase of this strike wave the workers relied on the machinery of the NRA to protect their rights, later they increasingly struck in defiance of the various NRA labor boards and of the upper officialdom of the AF of L who attempted to keep them tethered to the program of the monopolies. In a situation where the employers were given all the breaks and the Department of Justice made only the most perfunctory gestures at prosecuting violators of Section 7-A, the activities of the labor boards, however well-intentioned, only served to dissipate union strength and to give the employers time



Gardner Rea

"Don't be so hasty, Throckmorton—General Goering's still in Germany."

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to perfect their strikebreaking machinery.

Consider the results of the New Deal's intervention in labor disputes in three of the most important mass-production industries, steel, textile, and auto. In June 1934, following the steel companies' refusal of the workers' demands, a special convention of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers met to make preparations for strike action. President Roosevelt intervened and promised through President William Green of the AF of L to set up a special Steel Labor Relations Board that would look after the grievances of the workers. The board was set up, but it did precisely nothing for the workers, and before many months the growing union movement in the steel industry had been smashed by the companies. Two years later, when the Committee for Industrial Organization initiated its campaign to organize the steel industry, it had to start from scratch.

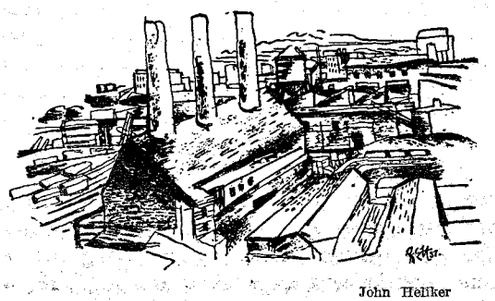
In the textile industry the general strike actually took place, the largest in a single industry this country has ever known. After three weeks, with victory for the 500,000 workers in sight, the strike was called off, again on a New Deal promise to protect the workers' interests. Once more a special labor-relations board was established, and once more the workers achieved nothing.

In the automobile industry a more elaborate technique was employed. At the request of President Roosevelt, a strike which threatened in March 1934 was called off at the last minute, and he personally took over the negotiations. After conferences with the employers and the AF of L leaders, he announced the famous settlement of March 25, 1934, to which both parties agreed. This settlement, which the President glowingly described as charting "a new course in social engineering in the United States," established, in accordance with the employers' demands, the principle of proportional representation in determining collective-bargaining agencies, in place of majority rule. It provided for the setting up of "works councils," in which the company unions were placed on an equal legal footing with the legitimate unions. And it created an Automobile Labor Board, headed by Dr. Leo Wolman, now bitterly anti-New Deal; its other two members were Nicholas Kelley, counsel of the Chrysler Corp., and Richard L. Byrd, a minor AF of L official, who more than two years later was exposed as a member of the Black Legion. After dilly-dallying for months until large numbers of workers had dropped out of the AF of L union in disgust, the board suddenly announced elections to the "works councils." It then proceeded to hold them first in those plants where union organization was weakest, thus assuring the victory of the company unions. Though the AF of L subsequently repudiated the automobile settlement and demanded the abolition of the Wolman board, Roosevelt continued to support it, and in January 1935, over strenuous AF of L protests, renewed the auto code with its notorious "merit" clause. In an article, "Labor's Quarrel with the President," published in the April 1935 issue of *Nation's Business*, organ of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, Louis Stark wrote:

> For industry the automobile agreement was a major victory. It opened the way for employers to deal with majorities, minorities, or even individuals. This was industry's interpretation of Section 7-A, and General Johnson and Mr. Richberg supported it.
>
> The effect of the 1934 automobile agreement on organized labor cannot be exaggerated. It placed the AF of L on the defensive and had a devastating effect on its status. It shattered the morale of the National Labor Board, reducing its precedents to so much paper. After this agreement organized labor began holding itself aloof from labor boards and a rise in strikes was noted. At the same time those employers who favored the automobile agreement form of settlement pushed organization of company unions and refused to settle strikes and disputes on terms other than those provided for in that settlement.

Such a statement, read today, comes almost like a shock. What a far cry from the activities of the NLRB which is doing such an important public service in actually protecting the rights of labor, rights whose destruction would jeopardize the liberties of the entire people. The difference lies not so much in the fact that the Wagner Labor Relations Act is a stronger law than Section 7-A—though this too is important—but rather in the fact that the New Deal's interpretation of the law and its whole attitude toward the struggle between capital and labor, reaction and progress, have changed. Administration of the Wagner act has been placed not in the hands of the Johnsons and Richbergs, but of men sincerely devoted to carrying out its provisions. And instead of conniving in frustrating the intent of the law, as was the case in 1933-35, the New Deal has fought the anti-union employers in the courts and has opposed all attempts in Congress to castrate the Wagner act.

Thus, in many phases of its activity, but most notably in its attitude toward monopoly and labor, the New Deal has undergone a profound metamorphosis. It is this that has caused the Communist Party to change from a position sharply critical of the New Deal to one of support for most of its policies, while at the same time pointing out their shortcomings and inadequacies. The process of transformation is by no means uniform or complete, but it has already advanced sufficiently to have made of the New Deal the framework on which is being built the democratic front against reaction and fascism. This is the result not of the whim or "change of heart" of any individual or group of individuals, though it is true that a Hoover would hardly have been responsive to the influences that have moved Roosevelt away from conciliation with reaction toward the path of progress and democracy. Primarily, however, the change in the New Deal reflects, as was pointed out in the first article, a changed relation of forces in this country and internationally: the awakening of the American labor movement, the desertion of the New Deal by the economic royalists who were originally at the helm, and the sharpening of the conflict between the fascist and anti-fascist camps on a world scale.



John Heliker

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A MAN OF PRINCIPLES

MR. WILLIAM GREEN, president of the American Federation of Labor, is a man of high principles. Sometimes, however, he cannot quite make up his mind what those principles are. One recalls the cartoon by A. Redfield picturing a prize-fight arena, with the opponents labeled "Capital" and "Labor" in their corners and little Mr. Green in a striped shirt, a pail of water and a towel in his hands, standing bewildered in the middle of the ring. The caption read, "Whose Second Are You?"

But on certain principles William Green has decided, and once he has accepted a premise, he is inflexible. He fears the CIO and he fears John L. Lewis. In consequence, William Green has formulated the principle, "What the CIO favors, the AF of L must oppose; what John L. Lewis advocates, I must fight." With frenzied consistency, William Green proceeds to apply the formula.

According to Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, who write the syndicated column, "Washington Merry-Go-Round," the liberals in the House of Representatives were confronted with Green's stubbornness recently. Maury Maverick of Texas visited Green in Washington to ask why the AF of L president had not answered letters from members of the liberal bloc in Congress requesting endorsements in the coming elections on the basis of their consistently pro-labor records. To Maverick's astonishment, Green answered that there were other things than a voting record to be considered. One of them was the attitude toward other labor organizations—in this case, the CIO. The columnists quote Green: "Mr. Maverick, we will support no one who gives aid and comfort to the CIO. We will give no help to any man who is friendly to them, even if he has a perfect labor voting-record. We will not support any congressman or senator, no matter how liberal he may be, if he is friendly to our enemies."

The full flavor, however, of Green's reasoning is tasted in his answer to Mr. Maverick's further protest. "Frankly, Mr. Green,"

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said Maverick, "this stuns me. Take my case. I am friendly to all labor organizations. I protected the civil liberties of AF of L workers in my home town when the federation-endorsed district attorney failed to do so. I have repeatedly gone to the aid of the school teachers' union there."

"Oh," interrupted Green, "we aren't interested in the teachers. They are half CIO anyway."

Mr. William Green seems to have decided whose second he is.

★

WE SUPPLY JAPAN

THE United States supplied in 1937 more than half of Japan's imports that were essential for war purposes. According to careful estimates in a recent study made by the Chinese Council for Economic Research (Washington, D. C.), Japan bought 54.4 percent of her war supplies in 1937 from the United States and 17.5 percent from the British empire.

Essential war supplies which Japan must buy from other countries include copper, oil, automobiles and parts, ores (iron and other ores), zinc, tin, aluminum, steel and scrap iron, lead, pig iron, machinery, and supplies.

Among principal countries supplying Japan's war essentials, the United States led all others. It contributed the following percentage share in Japanese imports of important commodities in 1937:

Copper	92.9
Automobiles and parts	91.2
Oil	60.5
Iron (other than pig iron)	59.7
Machinery and engines	48.5
Pig iron	41.6

Japan alone took 25 percent of the iron and steel exported from the United States in 1937, according to compilations by the American Iron and Steel Institute. Japan took 879,652 gross tons of iron and steel in that one year, compared with 54,101 tons in 1936; 83,672 tons in 1935; 80,942 tons in 1934; 26,187 tons in 1933; 27,852 tons in 1932; and 51,237 tons in 1931.

Thus, in the year when she started her new war against China, Japan bought in this country ten times as much iron and steel as her previous highest purchases.

In both 1936 and 1937, Japan purchased 81 percent of materials necessary for war purposes from five countries which may be called the pacific group, or the peace-loving nations. This pacific group, as shown in the Chinese Council study, includes the United States, the British empire, Dutch India, China, and the Soviet Union.

More than half Japan's imports of war essentials may be chalked up exclusively as purchases for the war in China, while the rest represent Japan's normal peacetime requirements.—ECONOMIC NOTES, *published by Labor Research Association.*

Readers' Forum

In Defense of Shaw

TO NEW MASSES: Now that a number of NEW MASSES readers have taken to rushing home from the WPA production of *On the Rocks* to sit down at their typewriters and send off to Readers' Forum fiery letters denouncing Shaw as a fascist, perhaps it is just as well for someone to step in and indicate that *On the Rocks* is not Shaw's last word on fascism and that Mr. Forsythe, in his column of June 7, was not talking through his hat when he begged his readers not to be too hasty in tagging with the fascist label a dramatist who towers as probably the greatest in his field since Shakespeare, and who, moreover, has in the past shown clearly his Socialist and humanitarian leanings.

On the Rocks was written five years ago, and only last year, in the October 1937 issue of *Story* magazine there appeared an article on fascism by Shaw, and since it is possible to make a fair appraisal of a man's position only when we take into consideration his latest views and utterances, I would refer those who already have cast Shaw into the fascist pit, or who contemplate doing so, to this article. Since it may not be available to everybody, here is what the article says, briefly.

Its opening sections seem to show that same confusing misapprehension of the true nature of fascism which led so many astray in *On the Rocks.* But—Shaw says presently, pulling us up short with characteristic suddenness, fascism is (1) unlikely to survive the "leader" and must degenerate into something diabolical; (2) it must create wars to survive at all; (3) a fascist leader may desire economic equality, which is an indispensable condition of prosperity, but *fascists* will have none of it; (4) though it may organize economic life more efficiently than parliamentary governments, all the benefits from this increase in efficiency go into the pockets of the great capitalists, while the poor, the workers, are reduced to greater poverty and greater misery; (5) the capitalists who have put the "leader" into power will prevent any attempt to improve the conditions of the masses beyond just enough to keep them in submission; (6) fascism is only the latest mask for capitalism; (7) in short, fascism only delivers the masses more completely and more hopelessly into the hands of the capitalists. Shaw concludes with the following statement:

"We have only to compare the development of Russia since the slump of 1929 with the utmost that fascism has been able to accomplish in double that period to see that fascism is subject to all the limitations and vices of capitalism and can no more save civilization than it could save all the earlier civilizations it has wrecked. Even when it disciplines, rationalizes, economizes industry, the effect is to throw more workers out of employment and, to avoid driving them to desperation, disable them by doles. When they have drained all the marshes and made all the roads to accomodate and enrich the landowners, and have asked why fascism cannot and will not organize them to feed themselves, the reply must be that land and capital, being private property, are not available for this purpose and that nothing can be done for them except throw them just enough dole to keep them from running amok in the streets. For the organization of the proletariat to supply their own needs instead of making money for property is Communism and not fascism."

Strange words, these, from a fascist!

In December 1937 Shaw published an article on Sovietism which begins: "Russia is an example to all the world of the enormous superiority of Socialism to capitalism, economically, socially, politically." He has only unstinting praise for the Soviet leaders, for their willingness, even anxiety, to admit their own errors and rectify them "with a promptitude inconceivable by our own House of Commons, which would have taken many years to make much smaller changes and, in the end, only pretended to make them."

As to his complete view of Soviet society, he declares it impossible to present this adequately within the scope of an article, but were he to do so he would rewrite the eleven hundred pages of the Webbs' *Soviet Communism.* (Fascist?)

Further in the article he states: "The real breach between fascism and Communism opens, not on methods of production—but on the fundamental question of distribution, on which capitalism has broken down grotesquely. For this there is no remedy in fascism, but there is in Communism, and Communism is precisely what fascism teaches to abhor."

He takes up, too, the question of Trotskyism, explaining the position which formed the original basis for their defection from true Socialism, and characterizing the "victory of Stalin" as "triumph of common sense." "Neo-Trotskyism," he adds, "now means a conspiracy of those who do not believe that Socialism can maintain itself without foreign alliances and concessions to capitalist allies, *east* and west."

In an article in November of last year Shaw discussed the Spanish war. My memory of this is not very fresh and I have no notes on it at hand, but I remember quite distinctly the gist of the article in which Shaw characterized the war as, in the last analysis, a struggle between reactionary capitalism and the masses and condemned the bombings of civilian populations (which may, he says, kill an Einstein or even a Shaw, but, what is of even more immediate importance, may kill a good baker or a good weaver) as one of the characteristically unscrupulous measures of this reaction.

In a recent radio speech from England, Shaw, discussing the war danger, named the Soviet Union and the United States as the leaders among the nations today, and stated that because of their size they had less to fear from attack from without than from attack from within—an allusion to a possible American duplication of the Spanish tragedy, and the danger represented by Trotskyist elements in Russia. In any case, he concluded, the only path to peace today is that of the Soviet Union. He went on further to speak of life in the Soviet Union, still with unstinting praise. It might be well to point out here that while the networks might not allow our own Earl Browder to make similar statements on the Soviet Union, they apparently yield to Shaw who, some opinions to the contrary, is still a figure of world importance.

One thing we might consider. Our British comrades apparently do not share the opinion that Shaw is a fascist, for at the time of the recent coronation the London *Daily Worker* invited Shaw to contribute something on the subject to the paper, an invitation which he readily accepted.

Consequently (in view of the foregoing) if we agree that Shaw is a fascist we have the rather strange anomaly of a fascist who sees fascism as the sure road to war, who sees it as a capitalist conspiracy, "a mask for capitalism," who sees it as the inevitable destroyer of civilization, who praises the Soviet Union and springs to its defense at every opportunity, who points out its path as the only one to permanent peace, who exhorts the workers of every country to follow the examples of the workers of Russia, who condemns the fascist revolt in Spain, who writes for the London *Daily Worker.* Truly, a strange sort of fascist.

That Shaw has definite and even deplorable weaknesses, such as his lack of faith in the masses, from

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which stem all his other weaknesses and which stems in turn from his lack of direct contact with the masses, I am not going to deny; but that these weaknesses are fatal, or that they make it legitimate for him to be tagged fascist, I do, and very strongly, deny.

Most glaring and serious, perhaps, of all his errors is his opposition to liberal democracy such as we have in this country, England, and France. We who are Communists realize that, as Engels said, it is only in the bourgeois democratic state that the class conflict can be resolved. Shaw, who is not and never has been a Marxist, fails to see this and looks upon the parliamentary system (which he identifies with democracy) as a mere club for discussion, for intrigues of the Ins and Outs, incapable of such measures as those by which for instance, (I quote) "The Soviet government has rescued Russia from unemployment, despairing poverty, and all the other horrors which the rest of the civilized world accepts as chronic and inevitable." An extremely queer mixture of Marxist and un-Marxist thinking, but quite characteristic of Shaw! To put it another way, we cannot give Shaw a clean bill of health, but at the same time he is far too much alive to be pronounced dead.

In conclusion I want to say simply this: Shaw is, beyond dispute, a tremendous figure in world literature. He is on our side. Let's not be too quick to hand him over to the fascists.

I. Abramowitz.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To Thomas Benton

To New Masses: Enclosed is a copy of an open letter to Thomas H. Benton which I thought would be of interest to you, and which has just been sent to him.

Joe Jones.

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Tom: It is high time that you—"an Artist in America"—were learning the facts of life. But it saddens me to see that you are being forced to acquire your knowledge the hard way. Of course I am referring to your dismissal as an art instructor in the Kansas City Art Institute for committing the offense of expressing in your book ideas displeasing to a real-estate peddler.

In the past we have enjoyed numerous differences of opinion; as far as I am concerned our heated discussions of these differences were valuable as artistic stimuli. However, I want to come forward now, despite these past disagreements, to say that I am not only with you in your fight against the Kansas City reactionaries, but also that I intend to do all I can to have other artists in Missouri, particularly in St. Louis, join me in defending your constitutional rights. As I see it the issue is simple—it is freedom of expression. Before this fight is over you will have learned that sophisticated censorship concerns itself with questions of art; crude censorship manifests itself in such activities as those of Mayor Hague.

Fred Shane suggests that you solve your difficulties by fleeing from Kansas City to St. Louis. When you were in New York (before you fled from there back to Kansas City) you may have heard that in St. Louis the combination of artistic freedom and the right of workers to organize was not misleading to the uncomplicated minds of our Hagues and Pendergasts. They simultaneously ejected the artists from the Old Courthouse—they denied the artists the right to study art—they issued injunctions against a strike—they broke up a demonstration for relief; they saw the relationship between these activities. At this very moment, ignorance grown arrogant has just been defeated in its attack upon Carl Milles' "immoral" fountain.

We should begin to ask ourselves why Missouri should be, culturally, the most reactionary state in the Union when it has within its borders some of the strongest and most progressive elements in the country. Only a few days ago a Missouri congressman—the dapper ex-preacher from Joplin—was responsible for the death of the progressive Sirovich Art Bill. This seems to me a good time for every creative worker in the state to express disgust with the reactionary elements that now stand behind your dismissal.

I am enlisting in your fight because I see the relationship of the attack on you and the struggle of the progressive forces in your home town of Kansas City, as well as nationally. I cannot resist the temptation, however, of reminding you that there is something more than a taste of the ironic in the fact that in your book you attacked the progressive forces in American painting as Communistic. You then found yourself—a babe in the woods—in the fond embrace of those who now call you "sensual—gross—profane—and vulgar." After the reactionaries of Kansas City have made a progressive out of you, this struggle, I hope, will end with your having taken a really progressive attitude and will thus find our old feuds completely buried.

Yours,

Joe Jones.

Soviet-German Trade

To New Masses: The June issue of *Current History* has published an insidiously anti-Soviet article entitled "Russia's Trade with Germany," by a certain Karl Van Gelderland. This article, replete with statistics and charts, purports to be highly objective and scientific. But its message is unequivocal: "German-Russian trade relations as a whole, even today, have hardly been affected by the political controversy between the Communists and the Nazis." In view of the general feeling of abhorrence among progressives in this country for any commerce with Nazi Germany, the figures cited in *Current History* seemed both distressing and incomprehensible.

Unexpectedly, some light on the subject has just been shed by Joseph Barnes in the June 19 issue of the New York *Herald Tribune*. In a special correspondence from Moscow, Mr. Barnes reports that trade between the USSR and Germany is no... in a state of virtual collapse. He also suggests that until this year trade with Hitler Germany was encouraged by the Trotskyist Nazi agents such as Rosegoltz, Piatakov, etc., who, as the recent trials revealed, were in close relations with Nazi officials and business firms, and who regularly received money from the latter for keeping up counter-revolutionary activity. Apparently writers in *Current History* are not aware of current news.

Jeremiah Flint, Jr.

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Shoes and News

To New Masses: I have just received some advice from Spain which may be of interest to many of your readers.

The article most urgently needed by the American fighters at the front is shoes. Most of the Americans are in the infantry; and infantrymen, especially when in action, are extremely hard on shoes. Very useful, also, are heavy leather jackets of the durable kind. Strong pants are likewise needed at all times. In choosing these articles, the important thing is durability and strength, not necessarily appearance.

Some of us also tend to forget that the boys are hungry for news and information from the city or organization from which they came. Within the last few months, there has been a distinct letdown in the letters received by the Americans at the front. Most of the boys were important members of organizations back home, and it is a crime to forget them. It requires little effort, certainly nothing compared with that of the American fighter himself, to send a weekly letter of information to members now in Spain; the moral encouragement of such an act is immeasurable. A good many organizations have been extremely remiss in this simple duty; the right kind of letter will do as much for a fighter at the front as a good pair of shoes. But send both—frequently.

Jack Willard.

Newark, N. J.

Mischa Richter

"Ex-Prince Mikhail of Russia, meet Duke Alonzo of Spain if Franco wins."

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

New Forces in American Art

THERE is no stronger testimony to the growing maturity of American artists than the realization, which has already penetrated widely through their ranks, that their problems, artistic as well as economic and personal, are inseparably bound up with the most crucial issues confronting the whole American people.

The manner in which those issues affect the artist in the creative sphere can be most clearly illumined by briefly reviewing the background of the present situation in American art.

During the post-war boom years, the artist was a pariah. He did not feel at home amidst the frenzied go-getter atmosphere that swept the country. Whenever possible he left the broad stretches of America for New York or Paris. And he cultivated the esthetics of isolation. In the work of two artists representative of the most progressive wing of American painting in that period, John Marin and Charles Demuth, the human figure was either totally absent or played a purely marginal role. Likewise a sculptor like Gaston Lachaise evolved, especially in his intimate work, toward an abstraction that twisted about a sexual preoccupation.

The 1929 crash and the ensuing crisis steadily undermined the foundations of that art which had been engulfed in the immediate experience of the socially uprooted artist. By the time the depression had reached its low point, in 1933, Bohemia was no longer regarded as the capital of American art. A new generation of artists, stirred by the general social and political awakening, began to feel the need for roots, sought a positive content and a leadership that would overcome the prevailing demoralization.

Within American art there was no force sufficiently advanced to assert itself as the vanguard of a radical social art. Instead the new realism crystallized under the guiding star of the leading Mexican artists, Diego Rivera and José Clemente Orozco. By virtue of his aggressive opportunism, Rivera first took a commanding position here, but his rapid degeneration, politically and artistically, soon discredited him with progressive artists, leaving him the darling only of touring snobs, sleazy intellectuals, and a few museum directors. Orozco, on the other hand, has steadily gained in esteem and fruitful influence among American artists through his firm integrity and heroic expressive power, clouded only by occasional shadows of a deep and brooding nihilism.

In this first period of the new movement the young artists advanced with a rush of militancy. They exalted the "social mural" over the "bourgeois easel picture" and their work resounded with the force of the big fist and the bold march of the politically awakening working class. In their work they extended the hand of fraternity to the Negro people as no American artists had done before. And in the new PWA and WPA government art projects they often underlined the revolutionary trend of their work with an unobtrusively placed hammer and sickle that caused anguish to administrators and precipitated many a bitter battle.

With rare exceptions the critics took up the cudgels against radical art. They concentrated their attack in denouncing it as "propaganda, not art." And when they shifted the argument, it was only to emphasize the crudities and shortcomings of a still groping movement. In short, hostile writers deliberately turned their backs on its already manifest potentialities.

Nevertheless, the attractive power of "social content" steadily increased. A second and higher phase of its development was marked by the emergence of national figures from the ranks of Americans, first Thomas Benton, soon afterward his comrades-in-arms, Grant Wood and John Steuart Curry.

These artists rapidly rose to prominence because they were more readily prepared to pay heed to native character and traditions than the still sectarian revolutionary artists. Benton caught on with a lively jangle of Americana. Curry and Wood elaborated their regional "stills." All three quickly exhausted their possibilities. They exposed their petty-bourgeois limitations by clamoring about American life, but refusing to study its real movement. Wood stopped with the rural tintype, Curry with the barnyard battles, and Benton, most capable of the three, created sham battles, using a confused surface excitation as a screen for his refusal to penetrate the deeper social motivations. They first won attention because they talked about the importance of our national life, and they lost their briefly held leadership because their evasions reduced their art to callow, bloodless expression, deprived of the vital force that comes from the working-class movement, which alone can humanize and stabilize a social art today.

Aaron Sopher

But the struggles which had set the artists in motion, the struggles of sharecroppers and dispossessed farmers, of industrial workers and unemployed, of evicted tenants and payless veterans went on, spurring the cultural movement to a higher level. Social art entered its third and most mature period with the rise of two revolutionary working-class artists, Joe Jones and William Gropper, to nation-wide prominence. How far the popular forces had advanced is indicated by the fact that although these artists developed directly out of working-class activity, museums throughout the country felt compelled to accept their work in order to maintain their own standing.

By 1936 this third phase in the growth o a social art had become clearly defined. Tl left wing had outgrown its primitive cruditie had transformed its conception of the work as a hulking robot into a humanized credit portrayal of the sturdy American people. had come of age. And in doing so it had c ried with it a large section of the most v orous artists toward a new progressive soc orientation. Surrealists accepted realism, 1 only as a shot in the arm. Studio artists tool to the streets. Artists in general had becom at least in some measure aware of the people So strong was the popular radical trend tha the old "art vs. propaganda" debate droppec off the agenda. It was no longer an issue "Social content" had become the fashion, an many artists who had long remained alo found it expedient to attach that progressi label to work of dubious import.

In this period of consolidation of left-w gains, changes took place in the objec situation which have affected the course

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The SUB SELLER

Even if NEW MASSES came out with pink embroidery on every page, we don't give a hang, so long as it continues to supply its readers with its characteristically vigorous opinions and honest and telling accounts of world events, *says a reader from rural New York in commenting on the new format. . . .*

Even if the editors took a notion to print every second page upside-down, she'd read the entire magazine every week, *writes the spokesman for a California family* who likes the new cover but finds the skyscraper head distracting, definitely. . . .

Even if there is scarcely a single one (1) of your opinions or conclusions with which I can find myself in agreement, I think you are doing an excellent job in your selected field—first class "class" journalism, *writes a good sport from Seattle, but maybe we'll convince him yet. . . .*

Even if you don't accept my spot drawings, NEW MASSES is a swell magazine, *confides a young artist from Minnesota. . . .*

Even if I don't like the poetry you print, hold on to James Dugan; NEW MASSES is the best left-wing weekly in America, and therefore the best in the country!!!!! *is the word of Jack D. whose address is in our files to prove I am not kidding. . . .*

Even if I'm not a member of any labor union, progressive association, political party, or any organization of any kind *(This was last November. C.C.)* I want to compliment you ★★★★★ upon your fine magazine, *wrote a man from Mass. who said he was not boasting. . . .*

Even if you or your friends don't agree with everything on every page of NEW MASSES, it's still the most stimulating weekly published in America today, and . . .

Even if you think I'm prejudiced (I am, but I wasn't always that way) I dare you to read NEW MASSES yourself for fifteen weeks and see if you can bear to give up what smarter folks than I insist is America's *Indispensable* Weekly, *is the parting word of*

Charlie Crawford

Sub Editor

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art down to the present moment. The most important of these factors was the brief recovery movement.

The very limited and spotty revival of the art market that accompanied recovery sufficed to turn the eyes of the hard-pressed painters once more toward easel painting as the main field of activity. This had the advantage of enabling even the most radical artists to enter galleries and museums to which they had not previously had access, thus strengthening the prestige of the left wing as the only vital new force in American art.

But the recovery psychology had much deeper effects. It revived bourgeois illusions of art as a free, unconditioned activity, of which the prime mover is the creative will, conceived as operating in the esthetic ether, instead of drawing its vital forces, as it actually does, from the capacity of the artist to transform the positive currents in the life about him into expressive form. There resulted a certain dissipation of energies, a blurring of outlines, an acceptance of smoothness and finish at the expense of strength and clarity, a drift toward complacency.

The most extreme form of the bourgeois revival in art was the appearance of a new abstract movement drawing together some fifty people, most of them very young, into the American Abstract Artists. The dominant tendency in this group has been toward total abstraction, or "non-objectivity." Its headstrong purists decry all traffic with the immediate world. They are all for the rarefied sphere of "pure creation," "esthetic emotion," "plastic experience." Small wonder if this group has failed to produce a single artist of outstanding importance or even of promise. What it has lacked in originality or spontaneity it has made up in "theoretical" exposition. This intellectual mumbo-jumbo has been the richest contribution of the purists.

But even the abstract tendency is affected by the leaven of the popular movement. Here may be seen the dynamics of the esthetic conflict which is a special phase of the social conflict. On the one hand the subjective current rises in the heightened competition for place. Even among artists who accept intellectually the program of the working class, old habits reassert themselves. And it is vitally necessary that they be given normal play if the artist is to achieve a genuine imaginative growth, and not simply force himself into a new mold which he is unable to fill with emotional values. On the other hand, a powerful counter-tendency asserts itself. As the bourgeois world sinks into demoralization, the honest artist finds a new cause for alarm in the dead end of subjective isolation. He finds no other sound recourse but to ally himself more closely with the popular forces of which the working class is the backbone. Through increased participation in the struggles which affect him, the struggle for jobs and creative opportunities (here one must note the basic role of the Artists Union in increasing creative opportunity and sharpening the consciousness of its members), he secures the leverage to raise his work from idiosyncratic personal expression to humanized art. The immense potentialities brought to light by this process have been evident in the work of the young sculptors, the efforts of the recently formed New York Group to strengthen its social axis, and the work of a painter like Tschacbasov.

Against this forward movement must be set the tendency to deflect the whole meaning and value of "social content," to reduce it to a colorful vagary. Recently there have been a number of signs of this new romanticism. Its outstanding exponent is Jon Corbino. He paints a world of storm and stress which is like an endless tossing of waves, without clear direction or characterization. It is an art that aspires to be heroic and actually is merely pretty. Today the heroic can no longer be divorced from the real without losing its most vital impulse. Even in its own terms Corbino's art wears an unreal air because the painter, relying on a vague compound of glamour, stylistic reminiscence, and misty allusion, has found no living core which could integrate his work.

Thus, in this period of rising reaction, when the forces of progress and fascism are grappling over life-and-death issues that sweep the whole world, the question of art as a humanized activity presents itself ever more insistently.

It goes without saying that all honest artists will find it possible to respect differences of opinion and attitude in order to strengthen that common front of democracy which daily becomes more imperative for the very existence of humanity.

But they cannot afford to forget that what they have to say as artists is of vital importance in the issue that confronts everyone. And equally important, the manner in which they confront the issue is crucial for their own growth as artists. There may be many individual modes of expression. But there is only one progressive, truly human course. Along this road of a widening humanity lie the only possibilities for the progressive new forces in American art. When the most deep-seated convictions and the surest technical knowledge are brought to bear upon the substance of living issues, artists will be in a position to outgrow their provincial background in America.

O. FRANK.

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Reich. Beautiful Vienna was transformed almost overnight into a tomb for the living. Every country in Southeastern Europe except Albania (itself a vassal state of Italy) was converted into a virtual economic colony of Germany. Czechoslovakia, as a direct result, two months later, was confronted with the awful choice between extinction and war. Events in Central Europe used to be timed, before (or after) Versailles. Now one hears, again and again, the ominous phrase, before (or after) *Anschluss*.

Mr. Lennhoff tells the story of Austria's last hours from a unique point of reference. He was editor, until his escape into Hungary on the night of March 11, of two important Vienna dailies, the *Telegraph*, and its evening edition, the *Echo*. His version of Schuschnigg's final capitulation is wrapped around his own experiences in the office and on the streets. He learns what to expect from Britain and France by calling his correspondents in Paris and London; the reader vicariously edits his papers with him. His book must have been written quickly and under great emotional strain. It lacks a good deal of important information, even now available. But it has one magnificent virtue. It does communicate the frightful tension, the popular moods, the inner politics of those terrible days and hours immediately before *Anschluss*. The crisis lives again, through the eyes and ears of a man whose business it was to know what was happening. That is more than will be said of the more comprehensive and more reliable histories of the future.

Though he never emerges very clearly as a personality or even as a politician, the leading character in this account is former Chancellor Schuschnigg. He dominates the book by what he failed to do rather than what he did. If only Schuschnigg would not take Nazis into his Cabinet! If only Schuschnigg would arm the people! Time after time, at crucial moments, editor Lennhoff waited for Schuschnigg to take the initiative, to resist like the patriot he professed to be. Not until the final moment did Schuschnigg break his silence, defy Hitler, inform the world that he had been confronted with a German ultimatum and a fixed time-limit—but this was only to announce his own resignation and the end of his nation's sovereignty.

If the Nazis ever bring Schuschnigg to trial as they threaten, the scene will be a mockery. Apart from that final act of defiance—an act not without nobility—Schuschnigg and his regime doomed Austria because it was afraid to trust itself to the people. The trump card of the Nazis was the Austrian government's own irresponsibility and weakness. Mr. Lennhoff gives a number of invaluable, intimate examples of its fatal policy.

On March 11, the Nazis held a demonstration before the Opera House in Vienna. They paraded up and down the avenue, shouting "Heil Hitler," "Down with Schuschnigg!" and the rest of their street repertoire. At one moment, the police would

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charge into them and force them into side streets; at another, contradictory orders would arrive, the Nazis would surge back and the disorder would start all over again. A police officer on the spot tells Lennhoff, "Our instructions are vague and contradictory. First we are told to clear the streets, and then we get an order to act firmly, but carefully." The first order came from the Chancellor's office, the second from the Minister of the Interior, Seyss-Inquart. But Seyss-Inquart had been taken into the Cabinet by the Chancellor.

A second incident is even more revealing. Lennhoff meets the head of the political section of the Foreign Office, Herr von Hornbostel. This is the evening of March 11. It is worth citing their conversation as Lennhoff himself gives it:

Herr von Hornbostel appeared quite unmoved by events. "You're after news," he said, greeting me with characteristic nonchalance. "The news is not good."

"Will Schuschnigg resign?" I asked.

"That depends upon the Federal President [Miklas]."

"And what does the Federal President say?"

"No definite decision has yet been taken."

"What does Berlin threaten?"

"You mean the secret Cabinet Council—if I correct you, it is for accuracy's sake. Herr Hitler's secret Cabinet Council threatens to invade Austria."

"What!" I cried. "You can say that quite calmly?"

"Only calm can save us," answered Herr von Hornbostel. "Only calm. Be reassured. We must not lose our heads."

"What can I publish of all this news?"

"Nothing, Herr Lennhoff, nothing at all."

This exchange is a classic of capitulation. The only reason Czechoslovakia did not become a second Austria two months later was the trust in the people which made possible the mobilization of May 21. These two dates, March 11 and May 21, represent, so to speak, the crossroads of European history today.

As one reads Mr. Lennhoff's book, and compares its story with what is actually happening in Czechoslovakia today, the parallelism is deadly. The Nazis have obviously perfected a pattern of disorder, disaffection, and treason.

Beatrice Tobias

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THEODORE DRAPER.

Democratic Vistas

THE COMING VICTORY OF DEMOCRACY, *by Thomas Mann. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.*

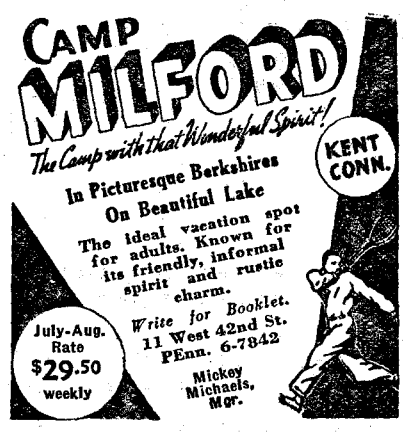
THE title of the lecture which Thomas Mann delivered on his coast-to-coast tour last spring is expressive of that realistic and confident spirit which made the talk so memorable. "The coming victory of democracy"—the phrase is weighted with the dual suggestion that the conflict between democracy and fascism is the fateful antithesis of our time, and that democracy, grown self-conscious and therefore militant, will triumph over barbarism. Mann's vision as an artist and his experience as a citizen have compelled him to speak decisively on the issue which is most crucial for modern civilization. His attitude toward his lecture is a measure of his orientation to its theme. He speaks because it is "the duty of every thinking man to take an active part" in the preservation of culture and peace and human rights. It is with regret that he looks back upon those earlier days when he regarded "life and intellect, art and politics as totally separate worlds," those deluded years when politics was a non-essential which one entrusted to "politicians." A more mature Thomas Mann eagerly takes his place with those who share the historic responsibility of defending and broadening democratic institutions and ideals. And, with us, he will triumph because, as he says, he is prepared "to give freely of himself."

Some of Mann's earlier statements on fascism and democracy, I have felt, suffered from a confusion stemming in part from his attachment to a terminology which often bordered on the mystical. There is, even in this essay, an incomplete comprehension of contemporary politics and a dangerous tendency toward abstract statement. But the quasi-religious symbols here have a positive value of the greatest significance. They communicate, eloquently and durably, that sense of the moral grandeur of humanity and the dignity of man which characterizes the democratic vision of life, as well as the "lust for human degradation" which we associate with fascism. It would be difficult to find a more moving affirmation of freedom and justice and reason, or a more damning indictment of force and terror as a social principle. Few writers have expressed in more noble terms the philosophical drama of our age, with its various types and levels of collision: the ideal of international peace as opposed to national egoism; the greed of the few against the Socialist aspirations of the many; the conflict between the Soviet Union, "a peacefully disposed nation" and as such "a reenforcement of democracy," and Nazi Germany, which woos the masses with "Socialist" slogans and wins the capitalists with its crusade against "Bolshevism." Every phase of contemporary life, Mann seems to feel, is permeated with this antagonism between the people and the pirates; President Roosevelt and General Franco are seen as living contradictions though they fight on different battlefronts.

Mann does not shrink from the conclusion. His spirit is too sturdy to accept the evasive proposals of the isolationists and concessionists. He is conscious that pacifism is an invitation to the enemy, who knows neither reason nor truce. As long as the Nazis are in power, any yielding to their threats "means a cruel and discouraging blow to those forces within the German people that are sincerely working toward freedom and peace; and since German demands that issue from National Socialism are never aimed at peace, but exclusively at an increase of power and the improvement of its military position, their fulfillment does not serve peace but war." Democracy, Mann emphasizes, must understand this. The peace-seeking nations must not allow themselves to be bluffed and blackmailed: "Freedom must discover its virility. It must learn to walk in armor and to defend itself against its deadly enemies."

Internally, the democracies must travel in the direction of social reconstruction based on the type of reforms encouraged by President Roosevelt and Léon Blum. Mann is convinced that "a reform of freedom" is necessary if democracy is to survive. The laissez-faire dogma of the "epoch of bourgeois liberalism . . . is no longer adequate. . . . Democracy must continue to develop the bourgeois revolution not only politically but also economically." Social justice for the masses must be our practical goal.

The moral emphasis of Thomas Mann occasionally blurs his political insight. By abstracting democracy, by exploring it in the realm of the absolute, Mann ignores the internal threats of reaction in this country, in England, in France, and elsewhere. His failure to stress the strategic position of the working class as the vanguard of progress reflects an indistinct understanding of the class conflict involved in the struggle to maintain democracy. The danger of such confusion is rather startlingly revealed in Mann's assertion that "The idea that fascism—especially German National Socialism—has the function and intention to preserve private property and an individualistic society is completely erroneous. In certain respects, particularly economically, National Socialism is nothing but Bolshevism." This is, of course, untrue. The middle classes, like the workers, are economically oppressed under fascism, but the major indus-



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trialists and financiers are bound up with the exploiting state. Fascism is capitalism, caught naked in an embarrassing posture, not "Bolshevism." Indeed, Mann's irresponsible use of the term Bolshevism, as if it were in contrast with Socialism, does not square with his sober understanding of the Soviet Union's peace policy.

But such incompleteness does not substantially detract from Mann's immediate perception of the difficulty with which mankind is confronted. We shall be proud and honored to have as a fellow-citizen such a brilliant champion of democracy. And, if we are wise, we shall not fail to take his eloquent warning as seriously as he has made it.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

The Poet and the Duce

D'ANNUNZIO, by Tom. Antongini. Little, Brown & Co. $5.

ACCORDING to the publishers' blurb, a Boswell has come forth to immortalize D'Annunzio. Tom. Antongini, who, as secretary and almost inseparable companion, had the opportunity to observe D'Annunzio intimately over a period of about thirty years, now publishes the notes which he wrote during his subject's lifetime. These impressions are intended to serve as a gleaming mausoleum in which the hero's mortal ashes are to rest, free from the calumnies that were heaped upon him for his outrageous mode of living. Yet it can hardly be said that this book does a service to the memory of Gabriele D'Annunzio.

Antongini pretends to tell the truth about D'Annunzio, to separate the actual man from the legends that had grown up around him as the pampered idol of Italian decadence, as the representative of the *jeunesse dorée* of the turn of the century. Antongini tries to answer the many accusations that D'Annunzio had provoked through his self-indulgence, his amours, his extravagance, his eccentricities. But the explanations remain unconvincing, inconclusive, tinged with the hero-worship of a valet for his noble lord. Nowhere does Antongini show any comprehension of the era that produced such a phenomenon, that allowed—nay, commanded—an artist to live in a vacuum, indulging in his whims, polishing his refinement to ever higher brilliance, and becoming ever further separated from the "sordid roots of life."

Many artistic names of that day were tinged with an aura of sensationalism that made them daily bywords. The tradition of Oscar Wilde still survived; Aubrey Beardsley, Stanford White, Lillian Russell, Mary Garden, Nijinsky, Ida Rubinstein, and Maurice Barrès held forth in full brilliancy. Regardless of what their intrinsic artistic worth may have been, these people owed the major part of their fame (or notoriety), not to their exploits in art but to their exploits in living, which furnished constant fodder for the "yellow" press.

The journalists found in D'Annunzio an ever fresh subject that furnished them with as much copy as their sensation-hungry souls could desire. But when it came to work, D'Annunzio knew how to escape from this tinseled aura, to isolate himself, and to plunge for days and weeks into an almost ascetic life of work and production.

Antongini relapses to the mentality of a sensation-mongering press, because in close to six hundred pages he regurgitates the old yarns and attempts an answer to long-forgotten charges. Like the very journalists he professes to answer, he also forgets completely the artistry of his hero. To be sure, he constantly refers to him as "the Poet"—an appellation which in Italian minds is reserved only for Dante, an equivalent to the English use of "the Bard" to designate Shakespeare. Yet nowhere does Antongini reveal an iota of understanding of the poetic sensitivity and the virtuosity of musical language without which the eccentricities of "the Poet" would remain on a par with those of any number of his contemporaries of this *jeunesse dorée*,—with a Boni de Castellane, for example.

For those who are interested, Antongini's book is a detailed catalogue of D'Annunzio's horses, dogs, mistresses, servants, houses, bankruptcies, articles of clothing, perfumes,—not forgetting the three hundred damask cushions among which the Poet rested his tired limbs.

We might be willing to forgive Antongini his lack of literary appreciation, but we are surely justified in expecting to find here some fresh data on the Fiume incident in which Antongini was not only an eyewitness but the *confidant* and the representative of the *Commandante*. Yet, even here, the book fails us. Antongini coyly pretends to lift the curtain on the obscure relations between D'Annunzio and fascism. The glimpse he reveals is that of a fond father, proudly patting the shoulder of an able son who is carrying to fruition the plans which D'Annunzio envisioned at Fiume.

It is true that D'Annunzio is often re-

Malman

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garded as a forerunner of fascism. The aggressive nationalism of his early writings provided fuel for Italian jingoism and pre-war imperialism, and his anarchical personal rebellion at Fiume furnished the choreographic and picturesque trappings for fascism. But here the analogy ends abruptly. The personal relations between the poet and the Duce of fascism were volcanic beneath the crust of diplomatic cordiality. It is known that after the Fiume enterprise, D'Annunzio in his fabulous villa at Gardone was "guarded and protected by a detachment representative of the armed forces of Italy, as one protects a monument erected to the Motherland's glory" (these are Antongini's very words). The poet had openly expressed a repugnance for fascism and its Duce. After the Matteotti crime, he spoke of fascism as a *"fetida ruina"*—putrid ruin—and in some quarters, during that period, he was even regarded as a leader of an opposition movement. When the omission of D'Annunzio as a member of Mussolini's Fascist Academy became a matter of common gossip in foreign countries, fascism was almost compelled to issue a belated invitation, only to encounter, in 1930, this well known slap from D'Annunzio: "A thoroughbred horse should not mix with jackasses. This is not an insult, but a eugenic-artistic fact."

D'Annunzio's cynicism and self-indulgent proclivities later made him recant to the extent of graciously allowing himself to become a member of that august academy, of accepting the sonorous title of Prince of Snowy Mountain, and of letting fascism cradle him like a sensual prostitute in the luxury to which he had been accustomed his whole life long. The price of silence that was exacted for these gifts did not seem exorbitant to a cynic and an opportunist.

D'Annunzio's character cannot be redeemed by the weak pen of this Boswell. D'Annunzio's literary greatness is completely closed to his present apologist, nor can he cope with the fervor and inspiration which the soldier-poet incarnated for his generation. The culminating triumph of Fiume also awaits a more penetrating investigation, which might then reveal more clearly the intricate relations between D'Annunzio and fascism.

MARCEL F. GRILLI.

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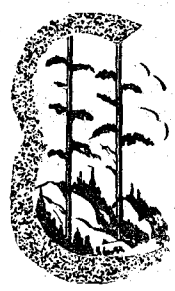
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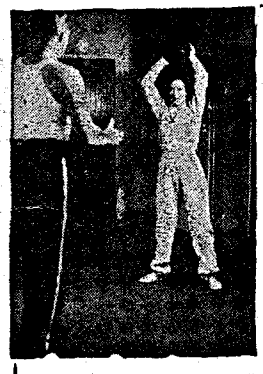

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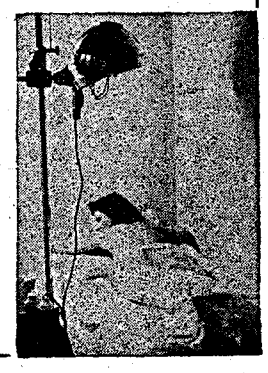

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Last year Gene Autry was secure in his firmament as the screen's most popular musical sagebrusher. He received more fan mail than any other Hollywood star and consequently might be pardoned for his feeling that he should get more than $5,000 per picture. Republic Pictures did not agree and Mr. Autry was replaced by one Roy Rogers, a radio yodeler. To send off the new hero, he has been provided with the handsomest Western picture ever made. In *Under Western Stars,* Mr. Rogers exhibits a fetching voice and prim seat on a paint hoss; and he gets his quota of human varmints by gun and fist. But Mr. Rogers' personal charms, winning as they may be, are a minor note in a picture that makes a successful marriage of entertainment and social meaning.

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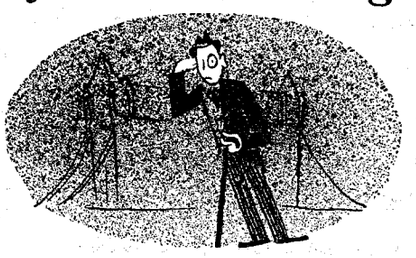

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pany boys requires a few more of Roy's boffs on the chin and a staged experience in a dust storm by the congressional party to get federal water for Sage County.

The script, full of excellent, rowdy humor and clever turns of plot, is to the credit of Dorrell and Stuart McGowan and Betty Burbridge, while Smiley Burnette and Dick Elliott, as the water-company congressman, are comical indeed.

Winifred Holtby's novel, *South Riding,* before the cameras of Gaumont-British, becomes a prosy omnibus of life in the Yorkshire village of South Riding. The cross-plots in the lives of the villagers are drawn together about the housing scheme of the Socialist county councilman, Astell. His project for replacing the shack-lands with new houses gains the support of two unscrupulous businessmen who plan to make a killing in the land site of the project. Threaded in and out of the story, developing considerable interest in the excursions, are the tales of Robert Carne, the landed gentleman of Maythorpe Hall, whose bitterness is due to the secret that his wife is in a madhouse. Sarah Burton, the headmistress of the high school, who comes to love Carne; pious Huggins, who is forced into conspiracy on the land swindle by his indiscretions with Bessie Warbuckle; Midge Carne, the problem child of Maythorpe Hall; Lydia Holly, the underprivileged child of the shacks; and the idealism of the consumptive Astell, provide the minor themes in a large pattern. Quite remarkably, *South Riding* retains its narrative direction through all these interests, although it is a film to be read like a novel rather than a pure motion picture which carries its audience along at its own gait. You can almost see chapter divisions when the scene shifts to shots of the furze, the sheep grazing, and clouds sculling along in the sky.

In the best tradition of the English novel, splendid thumbnail character sketches adorn the story. There are engrossing incidents like the delivery of the calf at Maythorpe Hall, the county fair, and an apt description of one of the shacks by a lady right out of a George Belcher drawing: "I've seen many a pig sty, but niver a pig sty with nobs on it!" For a comic outburst from the audience watch the scene in which a banker blows his nose ostentatiously and looks quickly into his handkerchief before speaking.

Astell, the self-confessed "Red," is treated respectfully in the picture, although the triumph of his housing scheme waits for the approval of Carne, which keeps the emphasis of virtue in a respectable place. It is Carne's triumph and he gets the schoolmistress. Carne is played stonily by Ralph Richardson. His characterization makes the master of Maythorpe a thoroughly unsympathetic character, while by every movie law, John Clements as the coughing Socialist should be the hero. The supporting cast of Edmund Gwenn, Edna Best, Ann Todd, Glynis Johns, and many fine bit-players do their chores neatly. *South Riding* is a picture to be recommended. It is prosy without being prosaic.

JAMES DUGAN.

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W MASSES, JULY 12, 1938, VOL. XXVIII, NO. 3. NEW YORK, N. Y., IN TWO SECTIONS, OF WHICH THIS IS SECTION TW

In Defense of a Term

Joshua Kunitz

NEW MASSES has received from the poet, Walter Lowenfels, the following letter, which raises problems and reflects attitudes of peculiar importance to the left-wing literary movement.

May I suggest that the term "proletarian literature" be laid on the table for a while and the term "people's literature" be used instead? The fact is that a good part of what is called "proletarian verse" has in practice no working-class audience or basic working-class appeal.

On examination we find a class of writers (Auden, Spender, Rukeyser, MacLeish, etc.) who represent the people's struggles for an audience whose base is the middle class, particularly in the intellectual and literary fields. To this a class of critical writing corresponds. Is it not necessary to state that such literature, as a class, has not yet extended its *base* to a people's *front* where it has a fundamental appeal to workers as well as to the middle class? Naturally, all progressives welcome writers whose audience is essentially middle class. Their literature competes favorably with that of Eliot, Cummings, and others for middle-class readers and is of great value in this respect. The competition still takes place, however, in a field where few workers tread. It is not to underestimate the important role the middle class plays to state that this role, to succeed, is based fundamentally on a working-class lead. In this respect, we do have in Hughes, Gold, Sinclair, and the class of writers they represent, a welding of social content into contemporary forms which is directed, basically, to workers, is priced for them, and—as with several recent books—is published for them. Such literature tends to have a middle-class following, too.

Despite the difficulty of following Mr. Lowenfels' reasoning (the formulations are somewhat inexact and confusing), his central idea is clear: Since a good part of what is called "proletarian literature" has in practice "no working-class audience or working-class appeal," let us banish (temporarily) from the critic's lexicon the term "proletarian literature" and substitute instead the term "people's literature." The examples adduced are rather unfortunate. For even if poets like Auden, Spender, Rukeyser, and MacLeish were ever unqualifiedly placed in the proletarian category (which I doubt), it would simply illustrate the misapplication of a term, not its inadequacy. Furthermore, by the author's own admission, these poets constitute only a "good part." But how about the rest, the part that does have a working-class audience and appeal—Langston Hughes, Michael Gold, Upton Sinclair, *et al.*? Well, says Lowenfels, in addition to their working-class audience, these writers are also read by the middle class, hence they can very well fall under the general heading of "people's literature."

Mr. Lowenfels' suggestion is, I believe, symptomatic of an incipient tendency which merits examination. I do not doubt his motives—they are excellent, a turning away from sectarianism. But his argument stems, it seems, from a fundamental misconception not only of the nature and function of the term "proletarian literature," but also of the meaning and purpose of the "democratic front."

First, as to "proletarian literature." It must be remembered that in all disciplines, including, of course, literary history and criticism, terms are adopted as aids toward observing, describing, classifying, and comprehending actual phenomena. The more nearly a term corresponds to reality the more useful it is as an instrument of knowledge. The question therefore is: Does the term "proletarian literature"—which posits the existence in this country of a proletariat, a proletarian attitude, and proletarian writers to express that attitude—describe a real phenomenon, or is it merely a product of the wishful thinking of a few leftist doctrinaires?

The facts are too obvious to need much elaboration. There certainly is in this country a class which, because of its distinctive origin, experience, and historical perspective—can be properly described as the proletariat. Its origin is contemporaneous with the birth of capitalism. Its experience includes collective work for wages in capitalistically owned plants, stark exploitation, fear of unemployment and actual unemployment, attempts at organization, winning and losing of strikes, poverty, hunger, lockouts, stool pigeons, picket lines, labor leaders and labor racketeers, etc. Its historical perspective is leadership in emancipating America from the throes of a decaying capitalism and the building in its stead of a cooperative Socialist commonwealth. That much most people on the left would agree on.

Unquestionably, too, this class, owing to its distinctive origin, experience, and historical perspective, is possessed of a distinctive, peculiarly working-class psychology and viewpoint. These, however, are rarely revealed in their fullest purity, except in periods of intensified class conflict. One reason is that the workers, in addition to being members of their class, are also many other things—they are, for instance, part of the animal kingdom, members of the human race, citizens of their country; and their psychology, therefore, is the resultant of many experiential elements of various degrees of universality. Another reason is that the workers, despite their unique class experience, are to a considerable extent under the psychological sway of social groups which are alien and even inimical to them, but which are in direct or indirect control of such agencies as the school, the press, the church, the theater, the cinema, the radio.

Still—and this is the point to remember in this connection—while proletarian psychology is the resultant of countless experiences and influences, sometimes conflicting and mutually exclusive, the distinctive proletarian character, the peculiar proletarian quality of the resultant is determined by the special experiences which are distinctive and peculiar to the working class. In the process of its development, through organization and struggle, the proletariat achieves ever greater psychological and ideological homogeneity within its ranks, and exerts increasing gravitational force on the progressive elements in other related classes—the impoverished farmers, the professionals, and the little-business men.

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The proletariat is thus the backbone of what we call the "democratic" front.

We are now coming to the crux of the matter. Marxists have always held that writers express the moods, attitudes, ideas, and aspirations of definite classes, generally and most effectively of those classes from which they spring or with which they have been associated for a long time. *A priori,* one would say that the American working class, like the working class in other countries, has produced its exponents in the realm of literature. Our labor unions, the early Socialist movement, the IWW, and now the Communist Party have all had their songsters, fictionists, and dramatists. It was not an accident that as early as 1901, the *Comrade,* a Socialist publication, used the phrase "proletarian poet" to describe working-class writers of verse. Floyd Dell and Mike Gold, in the old *Masses,* continued the tradition. And by 1935, Joseph Freeman, in introducing the anthology *Proletarian Literature in the United States,* could maintain without fear of serious contradiction that "In the past five years, American proletarian literature has made striking progress. The arguments against it are dying down in the fact of actual creative achievement. Life itself has settled the dispute for the most progressive minds of America."

In a sense, and rather contradictorily, Mr. Lowenfels himself admits all this when he refers to Hughes, Gold, Sinclair as "welding of new social content into contemporary forms which are directed, basically, to workers, is priced for them, and—as with several recent books—is published for them." One could mention dozens of American poets, novelists, dramatists, and short-story writers who, not less clearly than the authors mentioned by Mr. Lowenfels, charge their works with *specific* proletarian content. One might go all the way back to Jack London, Arturo Giovannitti, and John Reed. Moreover, as Freeman has pointed out, "the ideas and attitudes reflected in proletarian literature have already had a profound influence on American letters. The theater, the novel, poetry, and criticism have felt the impact of these invigorating ideas; even those writers who do not agree with us have abandoned the ivory tower and begun to grapple with basic American reality, with the social scene."

Obviously, then, the idea of applying the adjective "proletarian" to a special kind of literature arose not in response to a ukase from some extra-literary authority, but spontaneously, in the sphere of literature itself, in response to a keenly felt but not always clearly comprehended new creative trend. Some confusion, especially at first, was inevitable. The term was used loosely and indiscriminately. Some critics insisted that it applied only to such writing as dealt with the life of the working class. Others argued that this was too inclusive, for, conceivably, a novel about the working class might be written by someone from an inimical class with an inimical point of view—such a novel would not be expressing the attitude, experience, and aspiration of the working class—it would not be a proletarian novel. Though the subject matter would be the working class, the novel, properly speaking, would be the expression of the class to which the writer belonged or whose point of view he adopted. This led other critics to maintain that subject matter did not really count, that it was the point of view that was the ultimate criterion. A proletarian writer, it came generally to be accepted, was not restricted in his choice of subject matter: he might write about the workers, to be sure—indeed, he most likely would do just that—but he might also write about the bourgeoisie, or about the sixty families, or about love, or about the moon, or about anything at all in this vast universe. So long as he saw, felt, and treated those things as one whose ideology was proletarian and whose responses were of a proletarian conditioning, he was creating proletarian works.

But whichever view the reader takes, there is certainly no denying the fact that the term "proletarian literature" does describe a real phenomenon in contemporary American letters; that it does help the critic and literary scholar in their work of analysis, classification, and illumination; that it is consequently, from the point of view of the critics' needs, as useful and exact as literary terms can be, and that there is no good reason for its being discarded.

The argument that proletarian literature has a small working-class audience holds no water. The Bolshevik Party in old Russia had at the beginning of this century a very small following among the Russian workers. That did not mean that it was not the vanguard of the workers and that it did not express the yearning of the more class-conscious elements among them. It was the nucleus around which, when the time came, the entire working class and all the allied classes gathered to struggle for a better world. That large sections of the working class in this country are still backward and subject to alien influences is admitted. But that is all the more reason for holding the fort.

The critic who is also a Marxist should be especially insistent on preserving the term "proletarian literature"; *for his purpose is not only to know and describe the world, but also to change it.* The class which is in the vanguard of those who are working for such a change, the class actually destined to lead in effecting that change is—in the light of Marxist science—the proletariat. This change, however, is contingent on the growth of proletarian class-consciousness, on the development of the proletariat from a class "by itself" into a class "for itself." In this development, proletarian literature and art have played and will continue to play an increasingly important role.

Ideology not only reflects the external world, but also affects and modifies it. In the proletariat's striving toward self-definition and self-assertion, the ideological disciplines, including *all* the arts, have a direct function to perform—the heightening and intensification of proletarian class consciousness. Even such a term as "proletarian literature" used in our critical writing, by accentuating proletarian qualities and values, contributes considerably toward proletarian self-definition and self-assertion. It organizes, molds, and directs proletarian consciousness toward the struggle for Socialism.

Mr. Lowenfels' suggestion to substitute the term "people's literature" for "proletarian literature" may be traced to a misconceived notion as to what is meant by the *democratic front.* Now, if there is one thing the democratic front does not mean, it is the surrender of any of the ideological positions the proletariat has won in many years of struggle. It took years of bitter controversy for the concept and term "proletarian literature" to win acceptance in literary discussion. And now that even reviewers in the capitalist press have learned to employ that term, along comes this liquidationist proposal. Does the author of this letter for a moment imagine that the proletariat, by calling for a democratic front, intends to dissolve itself in that democratic front? If he does, he is laboring under a grave misapprehension. Indeed, it is just at the very moment when the proletariat emerges from its political torpor and draws to itself other economic and social strata interested in preserving and extending the people's democratic rights that the proletariat must exercise the greatest care to maintain the purity of its revolutionary ideals and Socialist aims.

When, for example, the Communist Party which is in the van of the proletariat, proffers its cooperation to the Catholic masses in the common struggle for democracy and against fascism, it does so not by surrendering Marxist materialism and its well established attitude to religion and the church, but by emphasizing those objectives which all the popular masses, be they Catholic, Jewish, Communist, Republican, or whatnot, have in common. Marxist materialism is and will remain the foundation of Communist ideology. And the closer the contact and collaboration with non-Marxists, the greater the need within the Communist ranks and in Communist theoretical writing for Marxian emphases. The fact that the Communist Party has so far only 75,000 members, and those not all workers, does not alter the fact that ideologically it expresses the urge of the most advanced workers toward a social order which would be of

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benefit to all. Would Mr. Lowenfels suggest that the Communist Party, because of its present relative numerical weakness, give up its claim to being the party of the proletariat? He positively would not. Why then does he deem the present numerical weakness of the working-class audience for its own writers as sufficient reason for liquidating its literature altogether? Proletarian literature is the expression of the proletarian vanguard on the cultural front. It should be cherished and fostered. This does not mean that a term like "people's literature," or democratic literature, or progressive literature, has nothing to recommend it. On the contrary, there is a definite need for some such broad, inclusive term, which would be the literary analogue of the political people's front or democratic front. It would take in as wide a variety of progressive authors as is represented, say, in the League of American Writers. But the adoption of the broader designation does not in any way entail the rejection of the more specific one. The working class should relinquish nothing it has already won. To the broad stream of an American "people's" literature, the proletariat, openly and undisguisedly, will no doubt contribute a great and growing share of good works.

Pant Like a Dog

Harry Kapustin

"TOMORROW after work, positively," said Mike, "I'm going to see the doctor. These veins under my knees are swollen to beat the band."

"Have him look you all over," said Ada.

"What, pay him two bucks?"

"Certainly," said Ada.

"Holy mackerel," said Mike.

As soon as he got out he hurried over to the subway. The doctor certainly was funny, living up there around the hosiery and knitting mills. But he was a good doctor. None of those suckers. Mike used to see him once in a while when he came over to treat Ada's old lady for her practically permanent cough.

When Mike walked into the doctor's office, he saw three women sitting there.

"Boy," he thought, "three women, three hours." He picked up an old copy of the *Post,* looked at the ads, and threw it on the floor. His face got red and he put it back on the table. He hoped the women hadn't seen him making a fool of himself. A girl came out of the room and the three women went in at one crack. The doc took a peep out and saw Mike.

"You must be dying," he said, and closed the door.

About a half-hour later, the women came out. The one in the middle was crying.

After they were outside Mike thought he'd get even with the doctor. "What's the idea of hittin' a woman?" he said.

The doc didn't think he was funny.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Plenty," said Mike. "I got varicose veins." He started to roll up his pants leg.

"Never mind just yet," said the doc. "I'll give you a good once-over."

The doc put his head on Mike's chest and listened. He wrapped a sheet of rubber around Mike's arm and looked at the height of a fluid in a tube. He took a long look at Mike's throat.

"Your tonsils are diseased," he told Mike. "Let's see your legs now. Take off your pants."

Mike did. The doc looked.

"Stand on your feet much?" he asked.

"Nine hours a day," said Mike.

"Sit down once in a while," said the doc. "But that won't fix them. They need injections to close them up. But they can wait up to a year's time. The tonsils must come out."

"I don't like sitting on the floor," said Mike. But the doc wasn't listening.

"Shall I make an appointment for you with a good surgeon?" asked the doc.

"What's it gonna cost?" said Mike.

"Thirty-three to thirty-six dollars as far as I can make out."

"Goodby my suit and Ada's coat," said Mike.

"Well, you can have it done at a clinic for about six or seven dollars," said the doc, "but that would have to be on Wednesday only and I can make this for this or next Saturday so you'll have Sunday to rest over in."

"Yeh," said Mike. "Yeh."

"This looks like they broke down the walls between a lot of old houses and made a hospital of it," said Mike.

"Don't worry about that," said Ada as they went in.

"I'm Mike Phillips," said Mike to the girl at the desk.

"Who is your surgeon?" asked the girl.

"Snyder," said Mike.

"Well," said the girl, "I'll take you up to the room."

She took them up to the second floor and left them in a little room. Mike couldn't help giggling. Ada wanted to slap his face.

A nurse came in and said to Mike: "Take off your clothes." She came back in a few minutes and threw a pair of pajamas on the bed.

"They'll never fit me," said Mike. "I'm a big guy."

"Try them on," said the nurse.

Mike tried pulling the trousers on and they ripped. The nurse looked mad as hell. She brought him a slightly larger pair of pajamas.

"Be careful with these."

Mike slid them on gingerly. "How about bedroom slippers and a bathrobe?"

"We don't provide those," said the nurse.

"The doc told me not to bring anything," said Mike. He put his shoes on his bare feet. "Boy O Boy, the runaround is starting," he muttered.

"The doctor said to rest the hour before the operation is to begin," said Ada.

"Look," said Mike, "suppose you go home."

"No," said Ada.

"I feel like bustin' somebody in the nose."

"Forget it," said Ada.

"Well, will you go?" asked Mike.

Ada put on her coat. "Try to sleep a little," she said. She went out.

"I had to go to the doctor," muttered Mike. He soon fell asleep.

Somebody was shaking him. It was the doc.

"Ready?" asked the doc.

"No," said Mike, slipping into his shoes. "I feel like a cone of ice cream that fell down the sewer."

"Don't worry," said the doc. "You'll feel worse."

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"Denks," said Mike. "Denks a lot. Glad to have met you."

Another doctor came in. He shook hands with Mike's doctor and they both washed their hands in the sink. Mike walked between them down the hall to a tiled room. He felt weak in the knees. Those damn varicose veins.

They sat him down in a chair that looked like a barber's chair. The other doctor sat down on a little stool in front of him and jammed his knees between Mike's. The nurse stuck a clamp on his mouth and it stayed open.

The surgeon stuck a hypodermic down each side of his throat.

"Tell me when it starts to tingle," he said. Then he started telling Mike's doc about his good luck in renting his third floor, about his new car, and how his ten shares of Pennsy were doing.

Mike touched his sleeve. The surgeon looked at his watch and said, "I guess we're ready, aren't we?" He put a little lasso of wire down one side and turned it. Everything broke off. The surgeon put a tonsil in a pan. "Pant like a dog," he said. "It'll help you breathe." He put some cotton on the end of a stick and touched inside. He looked at the cotton. It was faintly pink. "Good," said the doc.

He then repeated on the other side. The nurse held the pan under Mike's mouth and the surgeon dropped the other tonsil in. Mike felt dizzy.

"Can you walk?" they asked.

Mike nodded. They walked him back to his room. Ada was sitting on the bed, crying. She jumped up when she saw him. Mike socked her softly under the chin and she started to laugh and cry at the same time. The nurse chased her out then.

The surgeon came in and took a look at his throat.

"Pant like a dog," thought Mike. "Holy mackerel, yes. It ain't the first time." He thought of those guys he saw sometimes on his way home from work in the summer making speeches on street corners. He wanted to get up and make that kind of speech too, that minute, but holy mackerel, he was in a hospital room, and he couldn't say a word and there wasn't anybody to hear him.

The nurse came around and put a rubber collar filled with ice around his neck. It felt good.

"Don't cough under any circumstances," she said. "That's the only dangerous part about the operation."

She put a pan beside the bed. "If you have to spit," she said, "lean over the side of the bed and drool into the pan." She went away.

Mike had a terrific desire to cough a great cough. He passed his hand over his forehead and sighed. He leaned over the side of the bed and let a fine trickle of spittle run down into the pan. Then all of a sudden, for no reason at all, he felt that big cockeyed muscle in his right arm.

Food for Americans

Jo Sinclair

WHEN Arturo played his violin, his two hands built the music into a room in which he stood fulfilled among a thousand soft colors and sweet sensations. When Arturo played the violin, he was in life or in death, he knew not which, nor did he know anything with his body but the music upon it, and within it.

He had begun playing when he was seven, and now he was forty-five, and music was the same to him, the violin was the same precious thing to hold and to cajole, to listen to and be intolerably happy, listening. Then he had been in Italy, now he was in America, both lands the same to him, a room which had been made of colors and sounds, and he standing within the room, drawing the bow across the strings.

"Mister Castelli," Rosa said to him, "have you a fiddle, or have you a wife and two sons?" But her laughter was tender as she spoke, and he went on playing, the songs scurrying through the rooms, he standing, his simple, dark face withdrawn as it bent secretively over his moving hands.

One thing he possessed, and one thing he knew, and that was his music. For the rest, he was a simple man. At times he felt how stupid he was about things that men knew and liked, politics, news of all kinds, sports. But to make these things good to himself, he told himself that he was a simple man. In America, he had gone to the only thing he knew, and had got a job playing the violin in a cafe. He had no friends. He had no relations. He had a violin, and wanted no more.

"Mis-ter Castelli," Rosa said, laughing, "will you come to the table? Perhaps the fiddle is hungry now. A little spaghetti, and it will play so well!"

He had married. One day he had looked up from the violin in the cafe, and a smiling, plump woman had looked back. And she was merry and gay and lovely, the music like laughter in her eyes, and the laughter like music. And she was a mature woman, her body beautiful and ripe, her face smooth, and he was a mature man. She had been Italian, she had been Rosa, and they had fallen in love, and married. He had been a stranger, only his violin between him and the eyes of strangers; and she had smiled to him.

Rosa was another kind of violin to caress. She gave him two sons, and he named them Anthony and Carmello. They grew to the sound of a violin, and danced through the house to eternal music. He loved them passionately, but only when the violin was in his hands could he tell them how he loved, like music, with words of music.

For eighteen years Arturo Castelli lived in peace. He spoke English haltingly, and wrote a little, stumbling script, for he needed neither to play his violin. He read an Italian newspaper and puzzled through one of the American ones. For a living, he played his violin in cafes and in moving-picture houses, and at Italian weddings. For pleasure, he played his violin in the evenings, or he played chess with Rosa. She was a bad player, and he won invariably, at which they would laugh until they were breathless. Then Anthony and Carmello would go to bed, and he and Rosa would drink coffee in the kitchen. They did not talk a lot. Between them was a certain complete silence, which meant love.

He was a simple man. Gradually, slowly, his living was taken from him. He played as beautifully as ever, his violin was as tender, or fierce, or gay, but gradually each job was taken from him. One day the movie houses needed no music. One day this cafe closed its doors, and that cafe needed no music. One day, all Italian weddings were without music, and the brides and grooms walked silently to and from the altar.

Arturo was a simple man. He came home to Rosa and said, "I do not know what is wrong. No one wants music now."

"No one wants music?" She was shocked. "How can that be?"

"I do not know," he said, putting the violin down. "All I know is I can find no work with music."

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He went into the city the next day, for the first time without his case swinging in one hand. He spoke with men, who thought him mad. "I will do anything," he told them. "I have not experience, but I am willing. I will labor with anyone."

There is nothing, they told him, and they looked at him as if he were mad.

At home, Rosa was silent. There was still food, skillfully cooked. The four of them ate, Arturo silent with his puzzlement. Still he played his violin in the evenings, and still the touch of it upon his hands was more than anything he knew.

Carmello and Anthony went to bed. Arturo sat with the newspapers, and read them closely. They would perhaps answer.

"Rosa," he said finally, "it seems the entire world is in a state of poverty. There is not enough work for men. You understand?"

She nodded her head. "That is why there is no music wanted now," she said.

"Yes," Arturo said. "In all the world there are people like us, who cannot work with the things they know best. So they have now what they call relief. The government lends money to the people until they can find work again."

"Yes," she said. "I have heard of relief. The women talk of it at the butcher's and at the grocery store. Many of them are already in it. Some are ashamed. Some are quarrelsome."

"Rosa," he said gravely, "we will have to borrow from the government until music is wanted again. You will not be ashamed?"

"If you are not ashamed," she said, "then I am not ashamed." He knew best always. He was the man. He was simple, and so he felt shame as he looked at her in the quiet kitchen. When a man had sons he should be able to get money for them with his own hands.

For a few months they were on relief. Then Arturo read aloud joyously of a new government thing called WPA. "Imagine," he said to Rosa, "a man will work at what he knows. The government will hire him. Imagine it."

"You will play your violin," she said. They looked at each other, breathless.

"Perhaps," he said. "I will do as they tell me. I will work, Rosa."

When finally he was given a WPA job, he was grateful to the point of coming home to an empty room in his house and weeping. No one had known what the relief checks had meant to him. Without naming it, he possessed a pride that shamed him continually before his violin and before his children. Before Rosa he was never ashamed.

He worked on the Musicians' Project in WPA. All day he copied old and obscure musical scores from books onto fresh, white paper.

"Why?" Rosa said.

"It is what they call historical value and research," he said. He was a little bewildered. "I work in the library with twenty other men. They, too, were musicians once. They are old now, and they talk of what was once, when they played."

"Why do you not join together and play music, all of you?"

"Perhaps that will come," he said. "Now we must follow instructions. There is a Miss Wilson, who tells us what to do. She is nice, but how can I tell her about playing? You know I do not speak the good English. She says to us all the time a job is a job."

"Well," Rosa said, "a job is a job. I will cook supper."

Arturo left her in the kitchen, and went into the front room. He took up his violin and began to play. He played of his fear, and of his disappointment. He played the twenty old musicians in the WPA, and he old among them, their hands scribbling notes onto paper, their hearts in past days. He played and played, the strings throbbing throughout the house until Rosa, in the kitchen, listening, put her hand upon the pain in her breast.

He was a simple man, and each day he rode in the trolley car to the library downtown. He checked in with the timekeeper, then went to the room and began, where he had left off the day before, to do the close, straining work. He listened to the talk among the men. He listened to talk of WPA, of politics and sports, of countries and Congress.

At five o'clock he checked out with the timekeeper and rode home in the trolley car. At home Rosa's kitchen smelled good, and Anthony was there, and Carmello was at a football game. Twice a month, the check from the government came in the mail. Rosa carefully bought food and clothes, and paid the rent.

Arturo played the violin. He stooped more over it. His eyes would strain and close as the first music came. The evening settled down to the tones under his hands, and Rosa sewing, the boys quiet somewhere. The evenings were as always, with music in the house along with his love for the three of them who listened. He sighed, and grew older, but he was not unhappy. If he was not permitted to play for his living, then he would play in the night. And if one day the world was ready for violins again, he would bring his violin. Meanwhile there was food and a house.

There came the morning when Miss Wilson, at the library, called him into her office.

He sat smiling nervously, his hands uneasy in his lap. "Now, Mr. Castelli," she said, "are you a citizen?"

He blinked, and thought hard. "Citizen?" he said.

"Yes. Have you your citizenship papers?"

Bewildered, he said, "Papers? What you mean? I live in America eighteen years. What are the papers?"

She explained. She told him that he was not an American because he had not taken out papers.

Arturo sat watching her, his mind slow and in pain over her words. He wanted to tell her that he was a simple man. He did not know about this citizenship. He knew music, and he knew how to work. He had lived here for so many years, he wanted to tell her. In this country had he married, and his sons had been born here. He had not known or thought of papers. He did not talk so good, he wanted to say, but in this country he was at home, in peace, and what more could a man do in any country to be a man?

"Haven't you even your first papers?" Miss Wilson said.

"No," he said, and sat hunched.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Castelli," she said. "We have orders from Washington that only citizens will work on WPA. You see, we must give work to Americans first, and thus safeguard them. Aliens must look out for themselves, Mr. Castelli."

"I am American," he tried to tell her, but he was silent then, not knowing what else to say.

He walked home that day. The first terror had confused him, and he thought he would save the trolley fare. He staggered into the bright kitchen. "And so I am taken from work," he said. "The WPA has no room for Italians, they say. They say I do not belong in the country. It seems I have not a right paper, therefore I am not a citizen. How is this, Rosa? Do papers make a different man of one, so that he is of a country? What did I know of papers or politics? I was a musician."

"Hush, my dear one," she said. She fed him his supper, and poured him a glassful of wine. "Eat, my dearest one," she said. "You will know what to do."

Later, they sat in the kitchen and looked at each other. "Where are the boys?" he said.

"They are at a party, a school party in honor of the football team," she said.

He nodded his head, but she waited, tense in her chair. "What have we in the bank, Rosa?"

"Ten dollars," she said. "It is not a lot."

They sat silently in the almost dark kitchen. They could not see each other's eyes. At last she said, "We will go to the relief tomorrow, dear one?"

"Yes," he said. He thought he would play the violin, but it

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seemed too much this evening. "Let us go for a walk," he said. They walked slowly and heavily through the streets. They were still with each other, their silence so gentle that Arturo wanted to weep, yet did not dare for fear of frightening her. He could think only of that day in the cafe when he had looked up and had suddenly seen her smile for the first time, and so young, so gay.

Their thickened, heavy bodies seemed deathly tired to them, and they turned toward home, still silent.

He went alone to the relief office. The man asked him so many questions Arturo felt dizzy. He tried to answer carefully, until the man said: "Oh, by the way, are you a citizen?"

Arturo felt a drum begin in his breast. "No," he said.

"No first papers?" the man said.

Arturo felt a violin begin to sob, the drum steady and ominous beneath it. "No papers," he said.

The man talked and talked. "You see," he said, "we haven't a great deal of money. It's fair this way, you understand. We must take care of our own citizens first. Desperately short of money. Awfully sorry. Citizens of America first, you know."

Arturo went home. He was not even afraid now. He was simply ashamed. "For relief, too, I need papers," he said.

Rosa made coffee. "Papers, to eat?" she said. "How is that?"

"It is the government says so," he told her. "We do not belong here. You are not worried? I will find work, Rosa. I am a strong man. The children will eat."

"I am not worried," she said softly. "Come, drink the coffee."

They both drank the coffee, then he went, still wordlessly, into the other room to play. He could not quite understand. He knew all was the same, and she was in the kitchen, listening, but it was not to be understood.

My poor, my Rosa, he thought. Why does she have to know a grief like this? But why? For what reason? Such shame as this I have never felt. But why? The boys have such a father. A brainless one!

Touching the violin, he felt a kind of pain he had never known. What was it, wrong or right? He had known that he must have this music, and that was all he had ever known. How had he made the mistake? My poor ones, he had to repeat to himself.

Yet the same power throbbed in his fingers as they lay upon the violin. The same love rose like a furious river in him, and the hum began in his breast.

There was this pain, new and anguished. There was this knowledge that he had failed as a husband and as a father. Yes, he had failed as a man. He knew that. Yet his fingers ached, and it was the same, the violin with him, and the knowledge, the music, the love, the same.

My poor, my poor, he grieved; and he played until Rosa felt, in her kitchen, that he would die under his burden of love.

For two weeks they ate sparingly, but enough. Each day Arturo went into the streets to look for work. There was none to be had. The faces of people began to seem the same to him, and he would come home to the faces of Carmello and Anthony, strangers both of them, their faces the same pale, dead flesh he met in the streets. Rosa was always the same, her face as familiar to him as the wood of the violin. They spoke less and less these days. Sometimes he would hear the boys talking with Rosa, and he would strain to hear those three voices, so strange to him now.

He was a simple man, and he knew what he had to do. For the two weeks, he searched quite blindly for work and for money. Each evening he would play the violin. He played with a kind of splendid fury, so that the boys and Rosa looked at each other in fear. He played for hours, growing stronger with the hours, and then he would go to bed. In the night, awake or in a dream, it seemed that his arms and hands moved; and it seemed to him that his flesh pulsed and throbbed all the night through, that his flesh was plucked by his own hands, and that it made that music he had always known.

But it was a temporary madness. One day he took the violin to a pawnshop, for he was a simple man and he knew he must feed the other three. It was a day of death for him, yet he came walking back calmly, and gave the money to Rosa.

He could not understand why Anthony and Carmello were weeping, and yet he could understand that he must not weep. Rosa was pale. "Come to the store with me," she begged, as if afraid.

He went with her, and carried back the meat and spaghetti and canned tomatoes and flour. He knew that she did not understand his renewed shame. He felt a shame so intense that he could hardly breathe. The violin, the music, his own hands; all of them he had betrayed because he was a simple man; and he had betrayed these three, who would be in a silent house now.

"Let us make supper," he called gaily, and Rosa baked the great loaves of bread. He himself cooked the spaghetti, and made the sauce carefully. Now and again he would lift his head quickly and nervously as if straining to hear some elusive sound. Then he would see Rosa's pale and anxious smile, he would see Carmello and Anthony staring at him. Then he would look down again to the sauce.

He knew that in a few weeks there would be no money again. The food would grow less and less in dishes on the table. Rosa would be whitefaced, her hands shaking a little. Carmello and Anthony would eat the little food silently, and go to bed. He himself would sit in a dark room, his hands gestured and shaped to the want of that one graceful form. Rosa would sit with him. They would wait, though there was nothing for which to wait. They would be silent, and gentle with each other, but they too would be hungry, and afraid. A few more days would go by. Then they would begin to starve, all of them. Now only he was starving, his hands shaped round the empty form, the silent and ghostly instrument. They would hunger. They would sicken. First Rosa, then the sons of his pride, then at last he himself, the strong and the proud and the musician; they would starve to death.

"Come," he called gently, "it is time. Let us eat."

★ ★ ★

Marginal

I margin twenty years between the moon's
Invading tide,
One sudden space within a chemist's glass,
A mirage wide.

Memorial snows drift fevers there beyond
An arctic brain,
Show, at touch of spring, long-limbed promises
Tactfully slain.

Though the undersurface mind pursue
Its weedy way,
The regenerate heart must ride to shore
Some surging day

And flower into faith, trekking no world
Its fathers made,
Having topped surrealist sands to gain
A barricade.

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN.

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The Underground God

Murray Godwin

WHAT Loki may signify as a psychoanalytic symbol is not known to me. I should guess, though, that he might represent a tendency to be malicious, cunning, secretive, immature, ingenious, and irresponsible; an unconscious urge to retreat from the world into the womb, from the shelter of which one might work havoc with the designs of mature and mortal men. Socio-psychologically, I guess, he means something else again. Anyway, I have always liked the mean little crip.

The gods first came to my notice in Hawthorne's *Twice-told Tales,* but myths dealing with them did not interest me until, in a version of the Siegfried legend, I read how that hero had been undone by the craft and malice of Loki, the shunned, untiring, deformed little god who toiled at his forge under the hill. A few years ago I discovered that my sympathies were not with Siegfried, the hero, but with Loki, who wrought his mischief with the patience, keenness, and cunning of a changeling child. The gods of the Greeks and Romans seemed alabaster monuments to me, and Siegfried an antipathetic giant of alien muscle, prescribed emotions, and pompous brass. But I liked Loki, the hunchbacked smith who forged the javelin by which Siegfried was dispatched to a region more in keeping with his character, Valhalla.

As life has gone on, the figure of Loki has recurred to me in various connections. The biography of Charles Proteus Steinmetz is titled with Loki's name, and the choice, save in one respect, seems a right one. The subject was a hunchback who toiled and thought in the bowels of electrical science, amid the rolling smoke from his furnace of a cigar. He changed by his labors the system of electrical generation and distribution, leaving it to the Edisons to achieve surface triumphs in the electrical gadget field.

But Loki is universal, and not merely a handy figure for authors and artists. In fact, artists seem to avoid him, as though they were at one with the gods who shunned him or with the bards who imagined him shunned, at least, shut away in shadow, and condemned to toil. But in the folk legends of the Irish, Loki is multiplied, made a class of, in the leprechauns. I think he must be similarly dealt with in Teutonic legends of the same sort, for it is from this source that Disney's Seven Dwarfs are drawn. And here is the odd, maybe the crucial, point in all this: the dwarfs and leprechauns of folk legends are not malignant, but benign, just as Steinmetz was, differing sharply in this respect from the Loki of heroic legend.

Like Loki the leprechauns dwell below ground and toil there, among their oakroots, though at cobbling rather than at smithing; like him they are dwarfed—though (and this may be important) they are not deformed; they are dwarfed, perhaps, to fit their underground ways; and like him they are full of magic and mischief. Nonetheless, they are not malicious. They love to play their tricks on dowagers, shrews, and policemen, or on anyone who needs to be taken in a reef or two to make him less arrogant toward ordinary folk. But they are never malevolent, never aimlessly cruel or mean.

Probably it is not strange but it is a remarkable thing—a thing worth remark, one means—how one dwells in a world of one's symbols, whether chosen or imposed, or, more likely, both. The time came when I thought how much like Loki was Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov, who had toiled underground so many years, lighting the darkness of his oppressed homeland with the *Spark,* forging the weapons by which the vain masters under the crystal chandeliers of the empire were undone and overthrown. He was a little man, restless, patient, with an understanding of the world left unplumbed even by the light of his own acute analyses of what it was and was becoming, untiring, undeformed—undeformed, as though he were a folk figure of the Loki line. He was mischievous, too. Gamaliel Bradford found unfeeling malice in his laugh. But his laughter derived from a depth too deep for honest Bradford ever to sense its existence; and if he sensed it, he would not believe it, or would never have admitted it; no, his honesty would have cracked. The mischief that welled up in Lenin derived from his knowledge of the farcical disparity between capitalistic pretense and capitalistic performance. Many of us are aware of this disparity, it is true, but Vladimir Ilych had understood and absorbed so well his knowledge of it that, where one of us would write an editorial or article on a given example of it, he could not for the life of him do anything but chuckle, and then offer a prescription based on acceptance of the pretense—like Litvinov's suggestion, at the disarmament conference, that the nations disarm; and after that he was malicious enough to enjoy watching the pretenders perform—that is to say, jump, howl, and issue columns of vituperation against whoever had taken them at their word.

I came to think of Lenin as Loki. It was confusing. "Art," Nietzsche said, "is the metaphysical activity of man." Edwin Muir inquired in response: "But, in that case, what is metaphysics?" And, seeing my identification of the man Lenin with the smith god Loki, I had to say to myself: "*Life* is the metaphysical activity of man." But Lenin, to the Oyrots, Tajiks, Kazaks, Kirghiz, Turkomans, and other peoples—so long as they were people who worked for a living—was benign, as well as undeformed, like the leprechauns of Irish folk legend.

One day in a publisher's office, waiting for someone, I began curiously to inspect Lewis Mumford's *Technics and Civilization.* The author's caption on a picture of an early locomotive, which was bound with staves to aid insulation, to the effect that the engine represented had a wooden boiler, and his carefully developed theory to the effect that the key to capitalistic production was clocktime, and that it derived from the monastic practice of ringing bells to call the personnel to matins, nones, and vespers—these notions seemed merely ignorant and queer, respectively. But further on in the text the author set forth the theory that all the most repulsive features of our industrialism were devised underground. Our chief industrial ills, according to his belief, were conceived and born in what I think he called the "carboniferous" era. A notable example of the material sort was the steam engine, which had been applied first as a prime mover for a pump to keep coal mines clear of water. But Mr. Mumford went on, as I remember it, to disqualify the Soviet Union because it had gone in for building subways in Moscow. What hit me was the author's apparent revulsion toward the subsurface. It was almost as inclusive in its way as Mr. Girdler's antagonism toward the CIO. I didn't know what to think of my impressions. Here, it seemed to me, was another example of hatred toward Loki, the smith god, toiling, patient, cunning, underground, without motive, but by instinct undoing the heroes of the world of the gods—and going back to work. I had met with miners, briefly, on the job, at that time, and knew the perils of their work after a fashion (I did not know, I mean, of the blasts by one of which Jack Conroy's father was killed; but I knew slatefalls and cave-ins and the chance of TB or similar afflictions). I had chowed with them in a portable boarding house chocked on slopes of rust-red earth, too, and had

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not met one of them, during a hasty inspection in the line of duty, whom I would not rather have been found dead with than with Mr. Mumford. That may seem like gratuitous viciousness, but it is true. I do not know any better yet.

Through the years these things accumulated with me, and, with the figure of Loki as a center, sapped and mined their way, radially, into my conception of the world.

My tendency to identify men with mythical figures, and to follow the trend of their thought into the region of myth, troubled me and sometimes distressed me. Yet it would not down. A couple of years ago I renewed acquaintance with a former officer in the Air Corps, who, I presently discovered, was quite as much attracted to myth as I was, and who understood the reason for it much more clearly. I fancy there was something of Loki in him, too. Once, spotting for an artillery brigade, he had ranged all the guns in the outfit on an enemy headquarters, soared patiently until the place disappeared in one beautiful blast of high-explosive hellfire, and then with a sigh of relief invited the hardworking leatherarses, by radio of course, in for a drink. When he landed, he found about half the brigade had lined up for liquor. Of course it didn't matter, to speak of, because its opponents were too busy hunting up a new complement of staff officers to bother serving their guns. He did not get court-martialed for this, but it seems that it was something not considered in good taste, and was not supposed to be done. He was also profoundly cunning of mind and hand. And it seems to me that whether he flew, drew, or built, he came always to a crisis where the Loki in him emerged from his cave to bomb some headquarters of pomposity out of existence. Then, relieved, he would laugh.

I got around, sooner or later, to Loki, in my conversations with him, and brought up the subject of the disparity between the malign character of the Siegfried legend and the benignity of the Irish dwarfs. Then there was the matter of deformity, too. My friend grew hilarious over my confusion.

"Hell!" he said. "Don't you know why Loki is deformed, shunned, and made to look like a congenital sonofabitch? It's because he represents the working class. All the aristocratic legends picture the ironworkers in the same way—Vulcan is lame, you remember. The predatory raiding and conquering tribes would knock off a peasant as soon as look at him, to intimidate the rest, and they despised in general people who worked for a living. But the ironworkers baffled them. They didn't dare to waste any of *them*. The ironworkers were their armorers, and their craft was taught in secret and was difficult to learn. The aristocracy hated them, feared them, and needed them at the same time. They couldn't get along without them, yet they couldn't 'take them into the family,' so to speak. The situation was unsolvable. It got under the hide of the masters and irritated them continually. They tried to compensate their fear and hatred in their myths. That is why they credit Loki with supernatural powers and craft, and at the same time segregate him and make him hateful and deformed. But of course the people's myths picture the Loki type differently. The Loki of the people is full of magic and mischief, true enough, but he is neither malignant nor crippled. The people appreciated him. The ironworker toiled for a living, you see, like all common folk, but the character of his craft made him perhaps the one worker whose rights the masters had to respect."

This explanation seemed to clear things up a good deal for me. I remembered reading somewhere that the great conquering peoples of Africa attached ironworkers to them, regarded them as a race apart, and blamed them for every wound made by the weapons they forged for the warriors. Presently a news story was published to the effect that native African officers in the Italian army, then invading Ethiopia, had to have their horses shod by Italian smiths, since none of their own people could work in iron. Further, they dealt with the smiths gingerly and remotely, quite evidently fearing that they might be enmeshed in the ironworkers' malicious, magic toils.

These are the notions that have clustered around Loki since my first reading of the Siegfried legend, in my own mind. They may be fragmentary, yet I think there is something of a clue in them that might lead to a rich vein, if one felt urged to mine for it, in the class interpretation of myth and folklore. I hope someone does.

Quiet and Safe

Len Zinberg

He went into a coffee pot and had two cups of coffee. He wanted a drink, but he knew that would only make him more nervous. He tried to read a paper, but couldn't get interested in it, and he just sat there and watched the clock. When it was eight-twenty he got up and took a cab. It would be all right now, the coppers would be there by this time. Those small-time punks wouldn't start nothing.

He stopped the cab on the far corner and looked down the block. The four pickets were there, but he didn't see the others, the ones that lounged against the wall. And still there was no cops! Those dirty bastards waiting to slug him, and there was no cops. Those saps, just hoping to smack him one, and they would hit him. He could feel the dull smacking sound of a fist on a jaw, on a soft eye, on a nose, on a soft stomach; a lot of fists landing on his face. You see the punch coming and you can't duck it and it comes, the fist getting larger and larger and you scream and it hits you and you don't pass out and more fists hit you and hit you.

As he wiped the sweat from his thin oval face, he saw the door of the building open and a cop came out. The scab thought, the sonofabitch must have been smoking in the hallway, not even looking out for me. Well, it was okay now, the bull was there. Only there was a half a block between him and the cop, and those other bastards might be in one of the doorways, waiting for him. They could beat the hell out of him before the cop could reach them. Cops never got anywheres fast. They could slug him ten or twenty times before the copper would even see him. And they would hit him! They wouldn't bother arguing with him again, they knew now he was a professional strikebreaker. They knew now all right. By God, it was a wonder the boss didn't send him some protection on the job. A couple of yeggs to handle the boys. But that would cost more, and his cut would be less. Fifteen bucks a day was all right. If he'd handle this job okay, the boss might make him a noble, even if it was a small job. But these saps, these damn fourteen-buck-a-week slobs, they were sore; the strike was on too long. How they'd like to slug him! The bastards, and they were all husky kids too.

He could ride up in the cab, that would burn the punks up; it was a good way of getting over that half a block. But when he turned to speak to the cabby, the driver was staring at him and he didn't like the way the driver looked. These damn cabbies, they were all tough babies and union men; this bastard might get

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out of the car and haul him out and let him have it. He looked tough and he could slug him before anybody saw them; the cabby could beat hell out of him before the cop could come up, if he saw them.

The scab got out quickly and said lightly, "I guess it's time for my appointment. I got a business date up the block." But his voice shook and the cabby looked at him. He gave the cabby half a buck and told him to keep the change, and the cabby still looked at him and the scab began to tremble and he thought, here's where I get it! This bastard is going to hit me. I know it; he's going to slug me; but the driver just sneered and suddenly drove on.

He felt helpless and unprotected as the cab went away, there was nothing in front of him, nothing to hide behind. There was no one in sight except a couple of factory girls and a mailman. No sense walking with the factory kids, they would think he was on the make and the cop might pick him up. The mailman looked like a nice guy; heavy-set and middle-aged and a plain face. He was walking slowly down the street, stopping at each store to shove a few letters under the door. The scab thought, the postman is like an official, like a copper, they won't do nothing if I'm with him. They won't hit me. Not with an official around.

He sprinted across the street and walked rapidly till he was alongside the mailman. He said something about it being a nice day, and the postman nodded and stopped to put a letter in a door slot. The scab waited, watching the pickets and the cop ahead, and walked to the next doorway with the postman. The scab made some crack about the mail must go through and the mailman laughed and made a wisecrack, and the scab felt better. This guy was real friendly, he wouldn't let those bastards slug him. This guy was all right, he didn't know anything about him, he thought he was just a slob going to work.

They walked a few hundred feet down the block, and then the pickets saw him, but they didn't walk toward him. The cop wasn't even looking his way. He cursed the cop under his breath, and waited while the carrier shoved a letter under a door. They went on for another ten feet, and then one of the pickets, a beefy kid, left the line and started for him.

The scab yelled, "Copper!" and stood still, legs ready to run. The cop turned, saw him, and ran up and pushed the picket into the street. For a second he thought the picket was going to swing on the cop. The mailman was staring at the scab, his mouth open with surprise.

The scab ran over to the cop. "Don't let those bastards hit me! Watch them!" His voice was a little shrill with fright, his shirt was wet with cold sweat.

The cop said: "Nobody is going to hit you. Come on."

They walked slowly toward the door, the cop holding his stick firmly. The scab, without looking at them, could feel the pickets staring at him, could feel their hatred and hear their muttered curses.

Once inside the door he felt easier. The hell with these punks, he was getting more in one day than they hoped to get in a week. The saps, striking for fourteen a week, for pin money. Well, it was all over now, it would be all over till five o'clock. But it would be all right then, the boss always saw to it that there was a cop around when he left. Now he had nothing to do but read the papers and once in a while stack and unstack the boxes by the window—so the slobs would think the joint was running. And then that five and the ten at the end of the day; a couple of more weeks and he'd have a bank roll and then he'd hit south and play the horses.

The elevator finally came and they went in. A skinny young fellow ran the car, and he looked at the strikebreaker and didn't try to hide the hatred and contempt he felt. The scab saw the elevator boy open and shut his fist, and he thought: This slob belongs to a union, he'd crack me if he got the chance. He's thin, but he may be wiry and these strong thin guys pack a stiff punch. He'd slug me, but not with the cop here. I'm safe now. Nobody will slug me.

When they got to his floor, the elevator operator said, "The place is locked. The boss ain't here yet." His voice was cold and hard.

The cop and the scab got out and the scab said, "You wait here, with me."

"You giving me orders?"

"You ain't going to leave me here alone? Those bastards will sneak up the stairs and beat hell out of me. They'll hit me! I tell you, they'll slug me!"

The cop said, "Yeah?" and looked at him, as if he enjoyed watching him squirm. "Stop your damn crying. Nobody will touch you. I got to go down and phone in."

"Don't leave me!"

"Shut up. Nobody can come up without me seeing them downstairs. I got to phone in or the sarge will think I'm in a coffee pot. I'll be right back."

"They'll slug me!"

"Aw, shut up! They're just kids. And I'll be right back."

"They'll beat me!"

He tried to grab the cop as he stepped into the car, but the cop pushed him away and said, "Let go of me, you yellow crumb, or I'll break this damn club over your nut!"

"Listen," the scab began . . . and the elevator door slammed shut and he could hear them laughing as the car went down.

The scab pressed himself flat against the wall, and stood there and sweated. For a long time he stood like that, never moved, stood flat against the wall and sweated and listened.

But the stillness of the hall was comforting, and after a while he calmed down, somewhat. It was all right, it was quiet here, quiet and safe, and that bitch of a cop was downstairs. The punks were scared of the cop, but not too scared. And that stinking boss had to take his time getting here. But it was all right, the copper would be back any second now; nobody would slug him. Nobody would . . . the elevator was coming up again. It must be the copper. But it might be that sap driving the car, or he might have let a couple of the strikers up . . . they were coming up to beat him! There was no place to run, they would beat hell out of. . . . The car went by his floor and he could hear girls laughing. He let out his breath and sighed with relief. Nothing to get the jitters about. Just some factory dames that worked upstairs. Damn it, he was sweating like a pig—he should have taken a gun on the job. That would fix those punks. That would . . .

The stairway door at the end of the hall slowly swung open, the squeaking of the door cutting the thick silence of the hall. The scab froze against the wall, his body shaking, his heart beating loudly.

The door swung open all the way, and the mailman stepped out. The scab relaxed and went limp. It was okay, he was safe.

The postman came down the hall slowly, not seeing him, dropping his mail in front of the various doors.

The scab smiled and thought, hell of a noble I'll make. My first job alone and I'm nervous as a damn cat. And nothing to worry about—nobody has slugged me, nobody will. The copper will be up any second and the mailman is near me. Jesus, the way I'm always thinking about getting my nose busted, always thinking about getting socked. This was a cinch, these slobs won't touch me. I just got to act tough. They won't touch me. Fifteen a day for reading the papers.

The mailman was passing him and the scab grinned and said, "Hello, *pal*. Kind of . . . "

The postman swung from his knees as he turned, a heavy roundhouse blow that sent the scab crashing against the wall; then he slipped to the floor.

The mailman walked back to the door and down to the next floor. It was very still in the hallway. The scab lay there quietly, a slim trickle of blood running out of the side of his mouth and down over his broken jaw.

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Fragments for America

Norman Rosten

Following are six cantos of a book-length poem dealing with the revolutionary tradition in American history, entitled *Fragments for America.*

XXXIII

We traveled so fast
we met ourselves coming back
we grew so fast that the real-estate agent put out
a sign: I rent sky space, best locations
available.
the inventor said: It's not invented yet but I'll
take your order now.
we talked big and flashed the big dollar everywhere,
stuck our e pluribus unum in capital letters
on everything that left the country
and at night everybody prayed: Dear God thank you
for the stock market, keep it high as long
as the stock market stays up we can go on
forever and bless U. S. Steel won't you God?
Amen.
we were in a great hurry to get there:
where that place was nobody knew.
we built the set-up so quick and high
she got top-heavy and started to wobble:
and the engineer yelled from the 99th floor: Run!
don't worry about me, I got a parachute—
and he came down in a petition of bankruptcy.
the architect on the 98th floor telegraphed: Run!
don't worry about me, I got an autogyro—
and he flew away to Havana liquidation.
the watchmen, in chorus from the roof: Run! don't worry
about us, we've got our million salted away—
and they floated down in safe-deposit boxes.

Run: not to the bank: it's closed!
not to the house: it's foreclosed!
not back to the job: you're fired!
not in the street: there are too many
to ask you why!

Run: north south east west
this is what's called a depression
we get them every once in a while
they say overproduction, sunspots, hell
we don't know why—
young man: listen to us, don't lose faith!
don't get scared, this is your big chance
find new frontiers!

XXXIV

go west young man westward into glory
into farthest meridians of these possessions
follow your ancestor signs along the road
follow his trail in white curved concrete
and make notes of the many remaining marvels.

O table-land rising into the Rockies!
I shall solemnly cross your colored plains:
I am Balboa discovering the Pacific again!
(my brother said:
watch the jails marching through Kansas
don't give your right name
smear the fingerprint if you're caught
better stay at home . . .)
The garage man in Chicago told me:
The West begins when you cross the Mississippi;
but I knew it when the nights were cleaner
where field changed color with the wind's turn
and rising at a bend
to the curved Dakota hill: eye's retina
holds a hundred miles in its landscape
with sky's blue tile over which surface
are engraved clouds, and the sudden bird!
(Into this scenic peace only silent trespassers
may enter; mail plane is poised high,
hardly disturbing ancient current of air.)

The sky of my fathers was the same
but not their earth! I thought westward
was purity, keeper of a pioneer wonder:
not these strange markers over field, over
the once heroic trails
Coca Cola
Watch the Fords go by
Chesterfields satisfy
Double feature
cities where commerce is neon in the night;
I fled each bruised town, searching for a
still untouched land, a risen Atlantis—
but always the colored neon met me,
flashed its terror across lonely plains!
Areas of beauty were already claimed
Keep off
Private property
O but the sky was forever the same,
the earth still real, dignity of people,
at evening there were forums in public squares;
always men with the common speech
using a language I remembered
in what ancient year . . .
Often I would see a face that reminded me . . .
followed me backward
backward into Time's memory
"Pardon me, mister, is your name . . . Boone?"
"No, you got the wrong guy, mister . . ."
I began to hear voices from the sky . . .
songs . . . I knew those songs . . .
One night Tom Paine came to me in sleep:
then I knew!

XXXV

I am immortal in Cheyenne!
My signature listed for the ages:
on the white sheet my fingerprints
are filed away in century ledgers!

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(charge was vagrancy: the jail was cold)
and on the morning I checked out
I put my fingerprints with great care
on the offered record, talking loudly
my name address place of birth
Keep goin' west, buddy, stay out
of Wyoming . . .
and Utah
and Oregon
and California
In the space for religion I wrote:
American. And the jailer told me
"That ain't no religion,
what the hell are you anyway?"
I said "I'm a mixture—"
"Listen," he said, "stay out of Wyoming . . ."

I shall be found among ancient statistics:
my signature next to Balboa, shellacked,
preserved in city hall, cased in glass . . .
(I am never alone.
I have many ancestors.
I will survive with them.)

XLIII

we made the first train after midnight.
Joe said I could sleep this night and the night
after the next day, that's how I feel now: dead.

Joe slept. The others tried to play cards.
Branny pulled two mixed deals in a row, they argued.
Sitting at the window counting half-hours, I think:
time is swift in sleep: night makes it swift
wheels tick like a clock riding us into morning
rail by rail I am perhaps a representative
of the first continental congress with credential
having traveled very far for this vote . . .
Joe Joe wake up
Baltimore is past us long ago and the sun
is on the car window since 5:00. Washington is next—
Joe we got to set up the floats
it's a cold day, the sky is cold; it will take longer
and the parade starts at 9:00, 10:00 the latest;
all the congressmen will be there to see us march
they'll know what a WPA job means in winter.
We have plenty of songs ready . . .
this is the day we vote by voice . . .
like the Greeks used to do . . .
like they did in Boston long ago . . .
Joe I said wake up
it's morning
there's work to be done.

XLVIII

Those of the purer origin (with records to prove it!)
rage at infiltration: they prepare a percentage:
deport the aliens send them back
where they came from search the records . . .
All right, let's search the records!
Who are the pureblood Americans?
Who are these census-takers of stock?
Stand up, let the untainted show themselves!

No one dares come forward

This is the land of proud bastardry:
(O my fathers of mixed bloods here is
reverence!) What past is more holy
than our inter-hemisphere parentage!
Irish, Pole, Scotch, German, Jew,
after each: American: the linked vein:
their mark deep in our bone's center,
our growth from illegitimate names!

Bloods have been matched before our time
and I say this is the one impurity
will make us stronger!
Let us breed
love alone and loyalty in common danger,
devotion of courage to the spirit's waver
in a different land, whose body we are!
Lafayette, Pulaski: our first transfusion
shattering race! Through this we are
purer in eyesight, nerve, affection.
The meaning these names stand for
is ingredient in us: children receive
internationalism through the blind plasm.

and in Spain of this century
my brother returns from a strange land,
unhurt, and the family buys fresh wine.
"Sing us a Spanish song, talk in Spanish,"
answering, "I cannot sing very many words;
we spoke not by word but by belief,"
smiling at our bright questions:
"Tell me
about the United States, the CIO, and
President Roosevelt, tell me everything
for I am now part Spain returning home
and the Spaniard part in me naturally
wishes to know about the company he's in . . ."
Then we all laughed
and drank the wine. But at night, alone,
he showed me above the elbow, short scar,
"I am three pints Spanish blood. I carry
a people in my veins. I carry a blood
called democracy, given by an old miner.
It matches me well: the doc said corpuscles
but I know it is because of something deeper"
We sat and talked until midnight.
He told me simple stories of bravery:
(peasant who tried to stop an enemy plane
rising; ran cursing into the swift propeller
to stop it with his hands: the plane
rising with his blood spinning on propeller
the sun shining on the stained steel . . .)

I dreamed of this Asturian miner
whose blood my brother carried in his heart,
(in my dream the peasant's huge arm
patrolling his coastline, smashing propellers)
dreaming of transfusion to heroic dead
frozen on Himalayas or decayed in California valley . . .

We are not pure in blood
we are pure in the long deed
of history: the record of freedom

LII

Men of that private and lost generation
who prepared secretly their ways to die,
walking in darkness through this dream
breaking the skin to test for pain
you found no real blood in your wound!
You, Hart Crane, poet, wanderer

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Who were the men of your long myth,
what real words did they speak, shall I
ever meet them alive on your Bridge?
Like lost swimmer you rose upward into
a land where people were strange to you:
the road of their history never cut your feet,
you never walked with their brave armies
nor suffered death in an actual victory.
What song did you carry in your mouth?
What serious hope did you write for men
in their tongue out of their suffering
for their children to praise and follow?

Men with blood too thin for hope,
rich only for the evening's love
facing no firing squad nor does the
ancestor voice come out of the sky
meeting you in death: I remember you
Hart Crane, lonely in the historic need
sinking in merciful level water
without fury or knowledge of disaster,
returned into sea's undefined unity,
dropped from the Bridge without war!
Annulled in death the individual dream
O weep for Adonais
he is dead
but I have survived!
O land your history is the good harvest
in my blood, my heart's strong nutrition:
your men spoke a language I knew, always
there were men to speak to, and songs!
O land I have traveled your high era
and these immigrant dead are real to me:
my immediate parents, once superb fighters,
solid marble of my faith, star of guidance!
(tell me where to go! I'll die!)
Prometheus
Samuel Adams
Paul Revere
Tom Paine
bringers of fire
I have seen them alive again!
I report these men as living!
Tom Paine writing pamphlets in Detroit, alive!
Jefferson jailed in California, but he is alive!
Paul Revere with the Dakota farmers—alive!
John Brown is reported in Arkansas—alive!
Daniel Shays once more in the Green Corn,
Sam Adams hunted in Southern cellars,
Ben Franklin in Pittsburgh foundries
all alive!
(tell me where to go! I'll die!)
freedom liberty
What are these words you take as a gift?
Where did the meaning come from?
How was it earned?
remember
you fought for it!
you ran on iron for it!
you dropped blood on the grass for it!
not wishing it but *WILL* for it!
I was there
and men from other lands were there too,
pullers of cannon, they stopped British blade
with their hand, their bodies our barricade!
these are the men who have walked across seas
our brothers of the great belief they are men
who meet death, as love, in the simple encounter.
Jail the traitors! I mean today's
non-fighters who rest on laurels
they never won, standing pat on a
world's fate, these hoarders of faith!
Mr. Congress, I want to introduce a bill
to take away a man's citizenship if
he doesn't pay for his background!
I don't want it if I can't earn it!
where must I go, Sam Adams, tell me:
Spain . . .
O my American snob
my comrade of the museum tradition
be very proud of your democracy,
parade it only on a finest holiday—
I say
if it's real and still works, then
let's see it work under fire, under
a man's hand and the heart's courage!
Christ but I'm tired of my national anthem
perfectly memorized for indoor recitation:
I want to chant it, march with it, alive
beneath its flag, sharing the meaning
in foreign translation: it's a world we're in!
(Our children under bombs our childbirth!)

Listen, you smooth lying diplomat
16-cylinder propaganda machine
the foreign policy purely of murder
plans for the holy roman empire
and that brownshirted murderer
all of you interlocking latitudes
imperialism like a crazy network
f.o.b. you got the world tied up
but
THIS IS ONE MARKET YOU DON'T CORNER!
we the people
we the people of town nation world
grip hands over mountain, relay the voice
fly shipments of courage over long seas
send short-wave testimonials of faith
through stratosphere, imperishable prayer
from our lips: O defend the body's waver
in a different land whose spirit we are!
Bunker Hill is now Madrid
Lincoln's name flies over new people
(repay the European debt remember
De Kalb, Pulaski, LaFayette remember
our suffering our blood in the snow)
David White, Bill Schultz, Irv Goff. . . .
the new men from our shores who
carry flame, clarity, in Time's profile
they march with belief in their eyes
walking into line of cannon lyrically
with poem shining on fixed bayonet
advancing in sunlight man's dream
Freedom
is no word: it is a movement of men,
their dying and the new men taking
the distance, staking advancement
by love knowledge unity,
O prophecy of my distant parents,
men of the single-shot rifle,
real at my side, your hand real:
see the myth walks across your land
across dangerous waters: there is
no death in history, time alone
does not erase a precious flag!
father, founder of life
give me the torch:
I pledge
ascend Bridge from dream into reality
with organized hope love's vision ahead
I climb
holding the lifeline!

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Feathers Blowing

Hamlen Hunt

"ELL'RY," she said, softly. "I'm *so* thirsty. Will you go get me a drink of water, Ell'ry, please?"

"Sure, honey," he said. He sat on the edge of the bed and explored for his straw slippers. "Be right back."

She heard him go downstairs to the kitchen and open the ice-box where they kept bottles of water cooling all summer. He took so long, she fell asleep and woke, startled, to listen for some sound in the house to tell her where he was. Everything was quiet.

"Ell'ry!" she whispered.

Then she remembered. He had gone to get her a drink. How silly she was! In another second she would hear the ice-box door shut, and Ellery would be on his way back to her.

It seemed only an instant later that she was awake again. She thought there had been some noise outside, cars going by, or something else that should not have been heard at that hour in that place. She turned her pillow for coolness and wished Ellery would hurry. It seemed hours since he had gone downstairs. She moved over a little nearer Ellery's side of the bed and was almost asleep by the time he fastened her fingers around the cold glass.

The next thing Helen heard was the baby hitting the iron bars of her crib with her empty feeding-bottle. She sometimes varied this noise by adding a terrific wheezy sigh, sighing for all the neglected babies through the centuries. Helen got out of bed without waking her husband. He slept on his face, and every few minutes an inner spring seemed to expand, jerking out his arms and legs. Just as she got to the bedroom door, he jerked with extra violence and sat up.

"Jesus!" he cried. "Want to wake the whole town?"

"Why, Ell'ry!" Helen answered. "You've been dreamin', I guess. I'm just goin' in to take the baby up, is all."

She shivered a little in her dotted-swiss nightgown, and the soft curls swept across her shoulders suddenly.

"Guess so," Ellery said. He looked so absurd, his light hair tousled over his thin, brown face, his gray eyes staring ahead as he tried to remember the dream. Helen went over and sat beside him for a minute. "Bad dream," he said. Then he looked at her and smiled, it seemed deliberately. "Pretty lookin'" he said.

"What took you so long last night?" Helen asked, and his hand fastened hard on her shoulder.

"What you mean, honey?" he asked. His voice was very quiet, but she was conscious of his bitter grip on her shoulder.

"Gettin' me my drink. Seemed like hours before you came back."

Ellery laughed. "I wasn't gone two minutes. Just took a look out the door to see if I could see a star or maybe a raincloud and came right on upstairs."

"I guess it just seems long when you're off anywhere," Helen said and was glad his hand let go her shoulder and slid down her arm. "Better come back for a minute after you fix Janey," he said in her ear. "Better come back soon."

Because he wanted her back soon she turned to smile at him from the doorway. But he was lying with his face looking lean and grim against the whiteness of the bed, and his eyes were closed. Not as if he were sleeping.

It was just six-thirty by the time Janey was dried and fed and put into her play-pen with her menagerie of calico animals. That meant there was almost an hour and a half before they had to dress and go down to the shady back porch. Pomona always set out their breakfast table there, with the paper folded on Ellery's plate and the coffee pot set beside Helen's.

An hour and a half! she thought happily, closing the bedroom door, stopping to look out of the window. The morning-glories had sprung out already and their leaves barely stirred. The sky was cloudless and its pale blue would deepen all day long. It was going to be hot.

Ellery lay on his face again with his arms encircling the pillow, and his legs flared out. Helen waited for a few minutes before she slid her hand up under his loose pajama coat. Her hand was cooler, then as warm as, his back and she counted, "Rich man, poor man" down his spine. Still he slept, or did not wish to be wakened, so Helen got up and dressed in one of the linen dresses Pomona had ironed before she went home last night. Helen remembered her standing at the ironing-board, rubbing back and forth over the contrary linen pleats of half a dozen dresses, with sweat dripping down her pale yellow face. She kept looking at the clock, Helen remembered, though she had no fixed time for being through her work. When everything was done, she went home. That was the basis on which all the colored girls in town did housework.

"Got a date, Pomona?" Helen had asked gaily. "Somebody waitin' to walk you home?"

Pomona had smiled. She had small white teeth with spaces between so that her smile had a childish quality. But the oval of her face was not childish, nor the sudden depth of her gray-green eyes.

She had answered, "I got to meet my ma when I gets th'ough. She's down seein' my brother Henry."

Helen had said, "Is he still in jail for that trouble down at the mill?"

Henry had been in jail for a couple of weeks over some fight he had got into. He'd always been a big, quiet boy, but of course there was probably good reason for his being kept in jail.

The linen dress made a pleasant, cool sound as she went downstairs. Pomona was a slight girl, but she did as good work as any laundress Helen had ever had.

She stood on the porch for a minute, watching the last little patches of dampness left by the dew vanish from the boards. She glanced across the grass and laughed to see Janey bounce on her fat rump in greeting. Breakfast was still quite a long way off. She'd better get a bite to eat before her head began to ache. There were fresh figs in the ice-box, peaches, a bowl of strawberries left from yesterday's shortcake. It was hard to choose, but finally Helen bit into a big peach, feeling cool juice squirt between her teeth. Contentedly she closed the ice-box door, but as she turned to leave the pantry she saw a streak of blackness on the linoleum's green and yellow checks. It looked like India ink, or dye. No dirt was that black. Scraping at the dark streak which seemed indelible, she thought she must speak to Pomona about going home when the floor wasn't clean.

She took a bowlful of bread crumbs for the chickens and a basket and shears for gathering flowers. This was something she loved to do early in the morning, walking slowly up and down the dirt paths, cutting a pale yellow rose, feeling for a long stem before she snipped, laying canterbury-bells beside roses in her basket, thinking how she would mix yellow and blue and

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perhaps a little white in a deep blue bowl for the living-room table.

She dawdled over the flowers until she heard Pomona slapping the covers of the coal range into place, then went down to the chickens. She had no more to do with them than feed them now and again, so she was rather fond of them because they were white and had a false air of cleanliness. Their coop needed cleaning again; feathers were blowing through the wire fence and over the lawn. Thinking she would leave the empty feed-bowl in Ellery's tool shed, Helen tried the door, but it was locked. That wasn't unusual. Ellery's tools were valuable. Through the window she saw crumpled sheets on the worktable and thought Ellery should have spread them out if he wanted to keep dust off anything. She shook the door once more, impatiently, then left the bowl in the grass and went back to put the basket of flowers in the pantry until after breakfast.

"Good mornin', Pomona," she said pleasantly.

"Mornin'," Pomona answered shortly, and Helen looked at her, surprised that she should be sulky so early in the day. Usually she arrived all smiles and shiny clean gingham and it was not until late afternoon that gingham and smiles wilted silently.

"Somethin' wrong?" Helen asked. "Maybe you better get yourself a cup of coffee before you finish gettin' breakfas'. I had a peach myself."

"Thank you, Miz Reynolds," Pomona answered. "I don' want no coffee."

Helen glanced at her again. Pomona's pale yellow face had black patches of fatigue under her eyes, and her mouth looked swollen, as if she had bitten or bumped it. There were tiny marks under her lower lip and every few minutes a tear would fall down each cheek, slowly, as if it were the last of many and had no need to hurry.

"Why, Pomona!" Helen cried. "Somethin' *is* wrong!"

Pomona answered, "I got to hurry to get breakfas' on the table by eight."

"I'm sorry," Helen said. She was. She could not remember Pomona ever crying before, not even when she lost four dollars, her salary for the whole week. She laid her hand kindly on Pomona's thin shoulder, but Pomona twitched it off, pretending she must move the coffee that very minute.

"Well, anyway, Pomona," Helen said, a little sharply. "I wish you'd get at the pantry floor first thing. It's all over some black stuff."

Pomona wiped her hands on her sides as she walked toward the pantry.

"See those streaks?"

Pomona's bones seemed to stick out through the skin of her face and body, as if all the soft flesh were drawn inward in disgust. She stood looking down, licking the bloody places under her lip. Her tears stopped.

"I see 'em," she said.

"You'll have to scrub hard," Helen said. "It's awful thick stuff, whatever it is."

"Take more than scrubbin' to clean up *that*," Pomona said. "That's tar, Miz Reynolds."

"Oh, I suppose Mr. Reynolds must have carried it in from the car or somewhere," Helen said. "Maybe it wasn't there yesterday."

"It wa'n't there when I went home las' night," Pomona said. She looked at Helen with a queer brightness in her eyes that was almost like rage. Then she turned and slammed down the skillet for the bacon.

Breakfast was perfect, as usual—the melon cold and pink, the coffee dark and hot, the bacon brittle and melting.

"I don' know what's the matter with Pomona this mornin'," Helen told Ellery. "She came to work cryin' an' she seems all out of sorts."

"She ain't sassy, is she?" Ellery demanded. "'Cause if she is——"

"Ell'ry!" Helen said, scandalized. "You talk like you had a whip handy."

Ellery's mouth straightened out and his lean face seemed carved of distaste. "Her brother Henry got dragged out of jail las' night," he said. "Maybe that's on her mind."

He laid his spoon beside his unscarred melon and unfolded the paper so Helen saw the headlines.

"NEW KU KLUX DEFENDS LAW AND ORDER," said the headline. In smaller type it added, "Henry Jackson, Negro, Taken from Jail Last Night . . ."

"What did Henry *do* so bad?" Helen cried. "I thought it was jus' some fight."

"More than jus' plain fight," Ellery explained. "He was mixed up in all that strike business. Plenty of people are pretty sore, and las' night Henry got himself run out of town. Lucky. He might have got worse."

He passed his cup, his lean fingers flat across the delicate gold handle. "Coffee, honey," he said. "Don' you worry none—Henry got what was comin' to him an' a lot of other uppity niggers. He got a little tar an' feathers, an' kep' makin' so much noise they had to beat him up a little. He won't be 'round here for a while."

"Sh," Helen said. "Pomona's comin' out."

Ellery left the table before hot bacon arrived. "Don' wan' no more to eat," he said. "Got some business in Centerville—want to come along?"

"No, honey, thanks," Helen said. "Too hot."

After he had gone, she picked up the paper and folded the headlines out of sight. When she went indoors, the kitchen was very quiet. Butterflies slept on the air over the garden; little Janey lay and sucked her thumb in the shade. When Pomona came in from the porch with the dishes, Helen decided it would be better to say something right off and have it out of the way.

"I'm sorry about Henry," Helen said. "You mus' be feelin' real bad."

"Henry was my oldes' brother," Pomona said. "It don' look like he's gonna live much longer—maybe not even today."

She looked at Helen and again her eyes had that brightness like rage, though her voice was quiet enough.

"Guess some folks is feelin' right proud of they work this mornin'," she said.

She squatted down by the streaks on the pantry floor, and scrubbed at them with turpentine on a rag.

"No law-abidin', no *decent* folks," Helen said, "hold with doin' like las' night—some no-account fellers maybe got mad at Henry——"

Pomona stood up. "Yeah," she said, but the agreement had all the quality of an insult. Helen thought Ellery had better speak to Pomona. When the girl closed the ice-box with a familiar click, Helen suddenly found herself thinking about the night, with Ellery gone so long getting her a drink of cold water. She remembered his saying he had looked outdoors for a minute, and then, curiously, remembered black streaks on the floor and chicken feathers blowing over the lawn.

She lifted the flowers out of the basket, pushing their stems down into water. She wished she had the aluminum feed-bowl back so she could set the flowers in it for a while, but it was way down by the tool shed. The tool shed that was locked to keep anyone from disturbing tools only half covered with bunched-up sheets.

Pomona banged something else into the ice-box, and at the click of the door, Helen dropped her shears onto the floor with a clatter loud enough to kill the first sound. She didn't want to hear it again. It kept reminding her of Ellery and something wrong about last night that she didn't want to understand. There were half a dozen things whirling in her mind and she must keep them from touching, whirling into a pattern she could understand. Cars in the night, and chicken feathers and—but not Ellery! It couldn't be Ellery!

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"Pomona!" she cried suddenly. "You mus' be wanted home today. Why don' you leave right after lunch, or as soon as your ironin's done. I can manage supper and putting the baby to bed this once, I guess."

Pomona looked at her so queerly, Helen wished she would get out of the house, get out of her sight before something about Pomona's smile made her understand something she must not know.

"Thank you, Miz Reynolds," Pomona said, still smiling. Helen had the feeling that she must do more to bribe understanding away from her mind. Pomona wouldn't accept the day off, her understanding wouldn't let that be enough to make her forget about the feathers blowing over the lawn. Something else must be done! Something for Henry.

"An' take some flowers home with you," Helen said, wildly, almost pleadingly. "Take all you want, Pomona."

"Thanks," Pomona said, not moving. "I guess we don' need none of your flowers, Miz Reynolds."

* * *

Mr. Wilson in Agony

What shall a man believe in?
Said Mr. Wilson.
We are not young and have responsibilities
We have gone to bed with Life
And Life sometimes exacts from its lovers harsh penalties:
Cruelty, injustice, misrepresentation, slander.
Now when the hatreds of men smoke the turning world
When Justice goes outlawed, stripped to her skin, and blind
When the certain risks are balanced only by the uncertain good
More than ever must we keep that shining instrument
Efficient as a surgeon's tool.
I refer, said Mr. Wilson,
To the trained and sceptical mind.

It is no longer a question of blind faith
Said Mr. Wilson.
Flags are fine for fools and they follow drums
But truth is far from the paid orator in the square
We have seen ourselves surrounded by factions and intrigues
We have seen corruption climbing everywhere
How shall we know the false from what is true?
How shall the shot answer their accusations from the grave?
Do not confuse the ideal with the ambition
Nor assume that what has happened to them cannot happen to you
Power is dangerous although in friendly hands,
Said Mr. Wilson,
Friendship is dangerous when friendship commands.
To shut the mind up in a voluntary cell
Said Mr. Wilson,
To accept the verdict when it speaks with guns,
I am convinced only the world waltzes with destruction,
The popularity of murder and how the will corrupts.
The fathers dream back on a world of horses
But can we be certain we can depend on the sons?
I am no peasant though I sometimes envy that stolid mind
I am no ditch-digger though I might have been a happier man
I am what unfortunately I am
Said Mr. Wilson,
A man who writes and makes his living as he can.

This then is our world and the men we are
Said Mr. Wilson.
If I shave there in the mirror is the unreal face
Who fathered us and made us what we are?
I think sometimes we are a doomed and outlived race
A people that has seen its glory and waits to die
Strangely sick with something out of time.
Perhaps we are too much part of the evil that has been done,
Too guilty of the past, too implicated in the crime.
But when what's been done begins to be undone
Begins to be undone and as it changes seems
Not what we imagined in our private calculations and our dreams
Then if I survive or if I change it will be as one
Said Mr. Wilson
Who has seen one life end, another life begun.

ALFRED HAYES.

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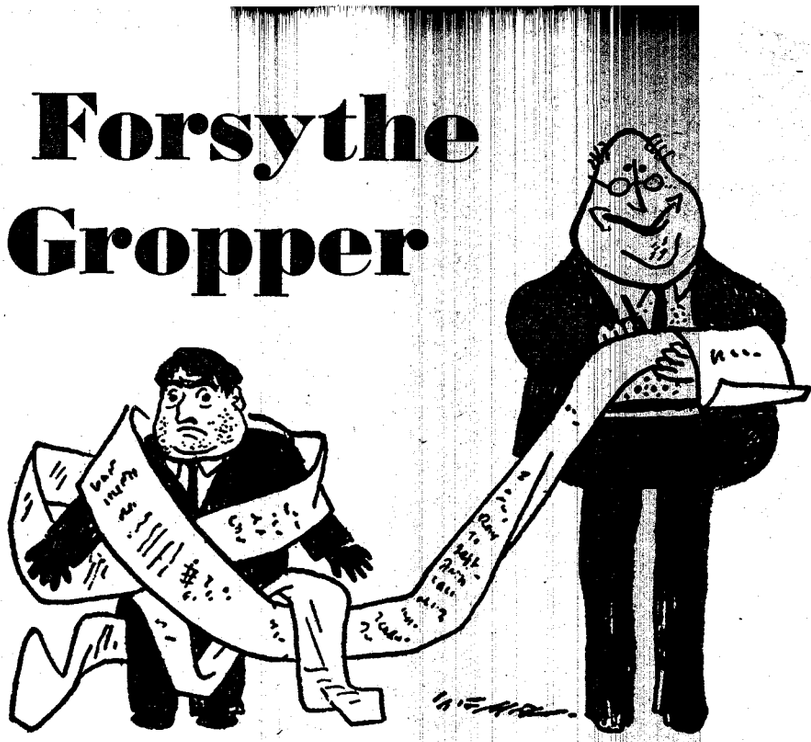
Take Robert Forsythe and William Gropper

along with you on your vacation



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